# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1894.

## The Week.

THAT the Republicans would carry the Northern elections this year was generally expected, but the extent of the victory was not anticipated. Now that the results are before us, we can easily discern the causes of the tidal wave that has overwhelmed the Democratic party in so many different places. The financial panic of last year, although a prime factor in the case, is not sufficient alone to account for it. Business depression, whatever may be its cause, always tells against the party in power. But in the present case a deeper gloom was added by the scandals connected with tariff legislation in Congress which filled the friends of the Wilson bill with rage and indignation to nearly or quite as great an extent as its enemies. The spectacle presented to the country for weeks together of a Democratic "combine" in the Senate, fighting against their own party in the interest of the Sugar Trust and other hateful monopolies, and actually forcing their measure upon both Senate and House, was sufficient to take the heart out of the decent members of the party. To crown all, the bill that was finally passed was so bad that the President could not sign it. We have no fear of a new McKinley tariff in consequence of this election. No reactionary tariff bill can become a law, in any case, within three years, and during that time the present law will have created business conditions powerfully opposed to McKinleyism. Moreover, the Republican leaders are wiser than they were when the McKinley bill was passed. They know that it is just as easy to turn the country over against themselves as it was in 1890—just as easy as it was to turn it over this year.

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We presume there has never been in the history of this city and State a "plainer popular mandate" than that delivered to the incoming Legislature by the vote of Tuesday. It said as clearly as if it had been written out in black and white, that these Tammany wretches must be got rid of as promptly as may be, and not in detail, but wholesale, at one fell swoop, and by instrumentalities which shall effectually prevent their return to power. It said, in short, that the Legislature of the State should as soon as possible put an end to the enormous scandal and disgrace of the government of a great city by criminals and semi-criminals and drunkards. It did not say, as the *Tribune* maintained last year, that the cure for our troubles was a "bi-partisan Police Board." It said there must be a clean sweep and a new system. We were therefore amazed to read in yesterday's *Tribune* a proposal that Mayor Strong should next January go to work to try the Tammany malefactors on "charges brought by responsible citizens." There are about forty of them to try, and each of them would demand a separate trial. They would all "appear by counsel," and the counsel would be the windiest and most blatant of the jurists who live by Tammany corruption. The difficulties in the way of "legal evidence" would be great, and the trials would probably last a year and a half, or half Mayor Strong's term. In fact, we doubt if, of all the ways of lightening the burden of their affliction to-day, there is one that the Tammany rascals would prefer to trials before the mayor on "charges."

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We must have no trials before the mayor. The public knows too well what this amounts to. All the trials that come off must come off in the criminal courts. The General Sessions and the Oyer and Terminer are the places for these Tammany criminals. It is only there that they can get their due. What the vote of Tuesday calls for is *legislation*, which ought to be supplied in the first week in January. A short act, empowering Mayor Strong to fill all city appointive offices for his own term, is what is wanted. This is what "the plain popular mandate" calls for. The voters who have overthrown Tammany will not be satisfied with anything else. We doubt if there is a man of them who would not laugh at you if you asked him if what he voted for on Tuesday was a series of trials on charges before the mayor. Mayor Strong has very different work, and much better work, to do than trying a lot of ruffians and thieves for robbing the city and the poor. He has to fill the offices with honest men. He has to ferret out the thousand abuses which doubtless reign in every department of the city government, and devise means for preventing their return. He has to see that the police force is reorganized from top to bottom.

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We hope our Republican friends who are to meet in Albany in January will not lose their heads. Any one who flatters himself that there is a Republican majority of 50,000 in this city or 150,000 in the State must, of course, be a fool. Men of all parties have united in giving a Republican Legislature and Governor a splendid opportunity for honest service to the city and the State. They can, if they please, put good government in this city on a sure and lasting foundation. It is not for the Democratic party alone that Tuesday's election furnishes a lesson. What it preaches, trumpet-tongued, is that fraud, chicane, trickery, double-dealing, and contempt for the moral sense of the community, are the way of perdition for men and parties. Every politician who, like Hill, relies solely or mainly on base arts, comes surely to grief before very long. People who opposed Tammany two short years ago were considered by the shrewd, fools for their pains. But there are two quotations which are to-day in everybody's mouth. They are so trite that we need not repeat them. One refers to "the mills of God"; the other to the difficulty of "deceiving all the people all the time."

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An uncommonly large proportion of the States voted upon constitutional questions of the first importance on Tuesday. A new constitution was submitted to the voters of New York. The people of New Hampshire, Delaware, and South Carolina decided whether to call conventions to frame new constitutions. The question of extending the suffrage to women in all elections on equal terms with men (they now exercise it in school and municipal elections) was passed upon by the men of Kansas. Michigan and California, on the other hand, voted upon propositions for the restriction of suffrage. The former State has allowed aliens to vote after declaring their intention to become citizens, and has now passed upon an amendment requiring full citizenship as a qualification, which means a residence of at least five years. In California a proposition was pending to establish an educational qualification for the suffrage, so that hereafter no man should be granted the privilege who could not read and write. This, by the way, was only one of nine amendments separately submitted in California; and as if the number were not sufficiently confusing, one of them, directed against the property rights of the Chinese, was so obscurely drawn that three or four interpretations were given, and even the anti-Chinese newspapers called for its rejection on the ground that nobody could be sure what it meant or what its effect might be. A number of other States voted upon constitutional questions of more or less importance, the most interesting to the country at large being a proposition absolutely to prohibit lotteries in North Dakota, where, in the absence of such a provision, the Louisiana lottery has been trying to establish itself since its expulsion from its old home.

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The friends of civil-service reform have been disappointed that President Cleveland has not done more for that cause thus far during his second term, but there

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is compensation for many failures and omissions in the announcement just made of a wholesale extension of the competitive system. The law allows the executive a very wide discretion in this matter, and Mr. Cleveland uses this power to bring within its operation all of the minor offices in the departments now omitted, all of the employees in custom-houses where they number as many as twenty, 1,500 of the 2,300 places now excepted in the postal service, and a number of places in other bureaus; while a flagrant abuse is abolished by revoking the permission to transfer clerks from excepted places to places in the classified service after they have held the former positions a year—under which the spoilsmen have managed to smuggle in a good many worthless political "workers." This is undoubtedly the most important step which has been taken by any President since the civil-service act was passed in 1883, and it will be one of the landmarks of the present Administration.

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President Harrison poured forth a stream of "thought," or, as the *Tribune* calls it, "a call to duty" on Thursday night, which made every one deplore his having to leave the State the next day. He showed that "protection was the American system," and declared that just now "the business world was paralyzed." He also said that "Cleveland had a wild team to drive." He showed clearly that the Wilson bill had not been properly framed, and that if something does not happen to prevent it, it will lower wages. He said he should be ashamed to wear his present coat if he did not feel sure that the man who made it got good wages. He gave a terrible account of the way foreigners are spreading their trade with great guns. He praised the McKinley bill and showed how it made the British squeal. Coming down to the Hawaiian affair, he did not leave Cleveland a leg to stand on, and made a third term for him impossible. He handled "pauperism" without gloves, and showed that it was an "enemy more fatal to our peace and prosperity than any armed legions that could be marshalled against us." It was a tremendous speech, but we should like to hear Major McKinley's estimate of it. Can the United States stand having two such thinkers abroad at the same moment? Was it not a wise precaution to order the major out of the State before the general entered?

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The Treasury statement for October shows a slight picking up in customs revenue, though a great falling-off in receipts from internal revenue. The latter was to have been expected, of course, on account of the great withdrawals of whiskey from bond in anticipation of the new tariff. Taking the four months of the fiscal year as a whole, the internal revenue shows a considerable advance over 1893, $65,000,000 now as against $49,000,000 then. Customs for the period, however, have not quite equalled those for the same months last year—being about $3,000,000 less. Treasury expenditures have slightly increased, and at present exceed receipts by $15,000,000. At the same time in 1893 the deficit was $25,000,000. Out of a total revenue of $19,000,000 for the month of October, $11,000,000 was paid out in pensions. The public service of the country has more and more to get along as best it can on what the pensioners leave. Unfavorable as the Treasury situation is at present, it is much eased compared with what it was a year ago. There is a net cash balance of $45,000,000, and the gold holdings amount to $61,000,000.

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Nobody can question the wisdom of Commissioner Sheehan in refusing to let Mr. Goff see his public and private bank-books. The fate of Commissioner McClave is conclusive on this point. He produced only a portion of his accounts, but Mr. Goff was able to find in them enough to throw McClave into a serious attack of nervous prostration which compelled his resignation from office. One entry alone, of a deposit of $3,333.33, caused McClave great uneasiness, it being a third of $10,000, which was the sum that three commissioners were said to have divided as the price of a captaincy. He could never give any explanation of this and other very similar items, and his inability to do so undermined his nervous system. When Sheehan refuses to produce his books, after informing Mr. Goff that "you can't learn me anything," it is very clear that he has been "learned" wisdom by McClave's experience. Without his books in evidence against him, he can answer all unpleasant charges by calling the authors of them "liars" and "lunatics," as he called the foreman of a grand jury last week, and all the Tammany boys will applaud and say Sheehan is the "right stuff."

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There was a good deal of decidedly sensational evidence produced by Mr. Goff on Thursday. Two unwilling witnesses, Tekulsky the liquor-dealer who "knocked out" Paddy Divver, and Mr. Smith, the editor of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, which is the official organ of the liquor interests, testified that they had suggested to the authorities in charge of the grand-jury lists the names of citizens who were friendly to liquor-sellers as desirable persons to put on the grand jury. The plan was to have on the jury real-estate men who had buildings which were partly occupied for liquor purposes. It was successful, and the men selected by Smith and recommended by Tekulsky were put on the lists and summoned for grand-jury duty. Mr. Moss, associate counsel with Mr. Goff, asserted that in one instance protests were sent to the judges in charge of the lists against the putting on of certain names, and were referred to a criminal judge who was chairman of the sub-committee on the subject, but that not only were the men protested against summoned on the grand jury, but the grand jury of which they formed a part came near indicting the men who made the protests. There is, Mr. Goff states, more evidence to come bearing on this point, which is one of the highest importance.

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Mr. Goff's demonstration of Tammany's depravity, made at the Saturday afternoon session of the Lexow committee, was, as Mr. Goff said, a "climax of horror." We have all been forced to take a low view of police and Tammany morals, but few of us had believed such depths of vileness as this possible. It had been shown that the police shared the profits of swindlers, gamblers, prostitutes, and liquor-dealers, but it was not suspected that they went lower than this and shared the profits of a crime of such unspeakable loathsomeness that its mere name is an offence in decent society. Yet Mr. Goff showed us a police justice sitting on the bench, and not merely shielding a regular practitioner of abortion from punishment, but conniving with him in his guilt. Mr. Goff has made no demonstration more thoroughly sustained by proof than this is. There seems to be no doubt of the guilt of either Police-Justice Koch, or of the lawyers who took the money of the criminal, or of the police officials who shared in the money thus obtained. The tell-tale checks are in evidence against the lawyers, and furnish corroborative evidence also against all other officials involved.

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Mr. Choate made a good point in his speech the other night touching the amount stolen by the present Tammany men as compared with the amount stolen in Tweed's day. The exact amount of Tweed's thefts was traced out by Mr. Tilden with almost unerring accuracy, and also the exact manner in which it was divided among the various sub-thieves. But the amount of the present stealings is not only unknown, but unascertainable, although we know enough to know that it is enormous. Tweed superintended the stealing himself, and the money passed through his hands; but in our day hundreds are engaged in it. Calm "conservative" observers estimate the *annual* theft revenue of Tammany men to-day as at least $15,000,000, while Tweed stole only about $6,000,000 in all. We ourselves believe that $15,000,000 is much too low. The Lexow committee has merely scratched the surface of the system. For one victim of the police who has come forward and informed, probably fifty have lain low and kept still, waiting to see how the cat would jump at the election. There is one little fact in the case which speaks volumes

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as to the whole system. Over $5,000,000 are paid over to the Police Department every year, and spent by commissioners like Sheehan without audit. The comptroller has to pay the money on their vouchers, without further inquiry. If anybody knows of any financial arrangement in the civilized world which can compare to this, we ask him respectfully to send us an account of it. We believe it is a survival from the early day when the commission-governed police was set up by the Republicans at Albany in defiance of the city authorities. But think of giving $5,000,000 without audit to Jimmy Martin, Sheehan, Steve French, McClave, and the like!

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The great Howard case has been disgraceful to everybody concerned from the beginning, and has ended ludicrously. There never was, from the beginning, any doubt that Howard was a domestic servant, and therefore not within the contract-labor act. His captors went to his employer's house and found him there acting as a domestic servant. But they pretended there was doubt about it, and began a bouffe inquiry into the matter. The man was taken before Judge Lacombe on a habeas corpus. Judge Lacombe decided that he was a domestic servant, but the bouffe inquiry went on before a "Board of Special Inquiry." It lasted about four weeks, under the eyes of an amused and disgusted public, the man being all the time in illegal confinement. The "Board" has at last made a report and has "reached the conclusion," writes the secretary of the treasury of the United States of America, "that the said Howard comes within the first proviso of section 5 of the act approved February 29, 1885, and therefore ought not to be deported." We sincerely hope Mr. Morton will not let the matter rest here. If ever there was false imprisonment, it is this imprisonment of Howard. And Mr. Morton ought to enable Howard to take the opinion of an American jury on this bit of petty, silly malice and oppression. It is pleasant to think that as a piece of childish electioneering it has utterly failed of its object. We are sure it made many votes for Mr. Morton, and has put Mr. Carlisle in a category from which escape will be long and tedious.

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The right of the federal Government, through the United States courts, to enjoin interference with interstate commerce has once more been affirmed by the decision at St. Louis a fortnight ago in the case before the Circuit Court on demurrer to the Government's petition for an injunction against Debs and the American Railway Union. Judge Phillips follows the lines of Justice Harlan's decision in the Northern Pacific matter wherein the employees of that company appealed from Judge Jenkins's sweeping injunction. The principal point of the later opinion is to reinforce that part of the other which permits United States courts to enjoin, in advance of any actual outbreak, all combinations or conspiracies on the part of railway employees which have for their object the stoppage of trains, no matter what the grievance. The court also permits injunctions, enforceable by all the power of the federal Government, against interference with interstate commerce or the running of trains on the part of strikers or ruffians after a strike has been declared for legitimate reasons. Evidently we have within a short time advanced rapidly towards a solution of the legal status of strikes and strikers. Our late legislation against Trusts and combinations, according to these decisions, applies to employees as well as to corporations—which seems to agree with natural justice.

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A condensed summary of the testimony of Mr. Pullman and other officers of the Pullman Car Company before the Carroll D. Wright Commission has been published in a pamphlet. Several untruths that were promulgated at the time by clergymen and others residing in the town of Pullman, who were accepted as disinterested witnesses, are now exposed. For example, the Rev. Mr. Carwardine said in his book that the company paid four cents per thousand gallons for water and retailed it at ten cents per thousand gallons. The fact is that the company pays seven cents and retails it at four cents, making a net loss of about $590 per month. When Mr. Carwardine was asked what was his authority, he said that his statement "was true as far as he could find out." Another witness named Heathcote had affirmed that the company was making a yearly profit of $32,000 on the water supply. The same witness (Heathcote) had declared that it was made a condition of getting employment in the Pullman works that the employees should live in the company's houses. This was proved to be untrue by the records, which showed that of 3,284 shop employees on April 30, 1894, 563 owned the houses they lived in, and 560 others lived outside the town in houses not owned by the company, and that no discrimination was made between those inside and those outside the town.

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The Germans are not noted for their humor, but the reply of their Foreign Office to American protests against the prohibition of imports of American cattle is rather neat. It is that the "empire as such" has done nothing to offend the most delicate American sensibility, but that the separate States, purely as sanitary measures, over which they have entire control, have seen fit to keep out American cattle. The humor of this, which may, after all, be unconscious, lies in its being addressed to a country which has advanced the same excuse for much graver offences. When Rudini was thundering away about the slaughtered Italians in New Orleans, and the government of China was calling for reparation for the massacred Chinese in Oregon, our answer was that the States were alone responsible and that the federal Government could do nothing. If men can be killed on that theory, certainly Texas steers can be excluded. It is not often that a diplomatic chalice is so speedily commended to the lips of those who first offered it.

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The political situation in Germany does not grow more reassuring, and the curious feature of it is the suddenness of the change which has driven Caprivi out of power. Everything was apparently pretty quiet till President Carnot's assassination—hardly a cloud in the sky. But the agitation about international action against the Anarchists all of a sudden developed into an agitation for domestic action against the Socialists, followed or accompanied by a fierce outbreak of hostility against Caprivi on the part of the reactionaries and the agrarian aristocracy. The Bismarckians are now in the ascendant, having either won over or bewildered the Emperor. How far things have gone may be inferred from the fact that Herr Roessler, the former chief of the press bureau in the Chancellor's office at Berlin, has issued a pamphlet which declares that "Germany cannot be governed by political parties," that "the policy of '*do ut des*'" has reached its limits, that there must be a change if the nation is to be saved from destruction; and he calls on "men of all social strata and of influential position" to petition the Emperor to allow the Federal Council to seize the legislative power for a period of three years. In that interval this body could, he thinks, "create legislation which would give the national life a sure direction and a healthy and harmonious development." In other words, he advises a *coup d'état*.

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What Herr Roessler means by "the policy of *do ut des*" is the practice, now common in all parliamentary countries, of keeping in power by the purchase of votes with measures. Caprivi did it, Lord Rosebery is doing it, and Dupuy and Crispi are doing it too. One party is won by proposing to change the standard of value, he says, another by taking some backward step in regard to popular education, and so on. Every parliamentary minister is now obliged to keep in power by some such means. The German Chancellor, who owes no allegiance to any one but the Emperor, was supposed to be exempt from this necessity, but he is just as much bound by it as the others. He need not resign, it is true, when he is defeated, but if he has not a majority at his back, he cannot carry any legislation. We are somewhat better off under our system, but not much. In truth, we may be said to have taught the world the art of log-rolling.

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*POLITICAL REACTIONS AND SPOILS.*

It is now something over half a century since the first change of parties occurred after the introduction of the spoils system in American politics. Beginning with 1840, the country has been carried successively by the Whigs in that year, the Democrats in 1844, the Whigs in 1848, the Democrats in 1852 and 1856, the Republicans in 1860 and for twenty years thereafter, the Democrats in 1884, the Republicans in 1888, and the Democrats in 1892. Eight times in these fifty-two years has there been a change in party control of the executive department, and usually at the same time in Congress also.

It is a remarkable fact that in the congressional elections which occurred two years after the people decreed a change of administration, there has invariably been a reaction against the successful party, often extending so far as to cost it the control of the House of Representatives. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," swept the country in 1840, receiving 234 out of the 294 electoral votes, and the Whigs chose 133 Representatives against 108 Democrats; but in 1842 the Whigs carried only 81 districts, while the Democrats secured 142. In 1844 the Democrats gave Polk 170 electoral votes to Clay's 105, and chose 142 of the 228 Representatives; but in 1846 they lost the House to the Whigs, who elected the Speaker by 110 votes to 108 for the divided Opposition. In 1848 the Whigs for the second time carried the Presidential election by 163 electoral votes to 127 for the Democrats, and came within about half-a-dozen of again controlling the House; but in 1850 there were chosen only 88 Whigs, against 140 Democrats and 5 Free-Soilers. In 1852 there was a "tidal wave" which swept Pierce into the Presidency by 254 electoral votes to Scott's 42, and gave the Democrats 159, or more than two-thirds, of the 234 Representatives; but in 1854 the victorious party was so divided that the Republicans secured control of the House, electing N. P. Banks Speaker by a plurality vote.

The secession of the Southern States in 1861 left the first House of Representatives after Lincoln's election overwhelmingly Republican; but in 1862 the party suffered terrible reverses, its representation from New York sinking from 23 to 14, Pennsylvania 18 to 12, Ohio 13 to 5, Indiana 7 to 4, and the Democratic membership of the whole body being nearly doubled. When Cleveland was first elected in 1884, the Democrats secured 200 of the 325 Representatives; but in 1886 they obtained only 169. In 1888 the Republicans carried the House of Representatives by a narrow margin on the same day they elected Harrison; but in 1890 they suffered about the worst defeat ever administered to a party, securing only 88, or barely more than one-fourth, of the 332 Representatives.

It will be seen that there has never been a time after a change of administration when the victorious party made as good a showing in the mid-term elections as when it secured power; and more than once the change has been so great as to be a political revolution. Various causes have conspired to bring about this uniform rule. Each time the Whigs elected their candidate for President, he died early in his term, and his successor quarrelled with the party. The Mexican War hurt the Democrats in 1846. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise early in Pierce's administration caused a rebuke in the elections of 1854. The slow progress of the Union cause during the first two years of the civil war helped the Democrats to make so good a showing as they did in 1862. The enactment of the McKinley law was the chief agent in causing the overthrow of the Republicans in 1890.

Such causes have been accidental and temporary. There is one which has been constant, and which operates all the while with increasing power. It is the influence of the spoils system. William Henry Harrison was worried into his grave by the onset of the office-seekers; and the disgust over Tyler's distribution of places completed the demoralization among the Whig politicians. The trouble over the offices has grown more serious with every change of administration since 1840, as the spoils have grown richer and the spoilsmen more numerous.

It is notorious that the Republicans lost a number of close districts in 1890, simply because there was so much dissatisfaction with the distribution of the offices that many previously active members of the party refused to work for it, and some of them "knifed" the congressmen who had failed to meet their demands. The Republican press in Maine frankly admitted, after the election last September, that several thousands of the great Republican majority were due to Democratic disgust with the obnoxious ring which had distributed the patronage. In dozens of close districts throughout the North the final reliance of the Republicans for success on Tuesday last was the quarrelling among the Democrats over the way the offices have been distributed. By contrast it may be pointed out that no President (not even Cleveland himself since his second election) made so few changes proportionally after a change of party administration as Cleveland during the eighteen months after his inauguration in March, 1885, and that no party has ever made so good a showing at a similar election as the Democrats did, with such a record for their executive, in November, 1886. Even the spoilsmen themselves ought to be getting their eyes open to the truth that nothing hurts a party so much as getting the spoils. President after President has been elected without his party's controlling an office; time and again has the man who got in without the help of an office-holder found his own appointments contributing to the defeat of his party at the next election. There is nothing "theoretical" about the record to be found in political almanacs, and "practical politicians" must at last see that there is nothing in spoils as a party investment.

*NAVAL VIVISECTION.*

Before any actual fighting had taken place in the war between China and Japan, we pointed out one cause of the extraordinary interest taken in the impending conflict by Powers not directly concerned in it. This was the chance that experts could at last see how a modern navy would behave in action. Sure enough, since the terrible sea-fight off the Yalu, the critics and the amateurs have been having a joyful time. Special messengers have been rushed off to see Capt. Mahan to find out if the ships were sunk and the thousands of men drowned or blown to pieces according to preconceived notions of the way the thing would be done, and in the highest style of the art. Naval architects and gun-makers and officers of the marine have been eagerly looking for confirmation of their own crotchets, or refutation of the ridiculous ideas of rival experts, and the whole thing has been more like a gathering about a vivisection than anything else.

Usually, in such cases, there is at least a pretence of humanity. War is a terrible thing, military students have said; but if it must come, with all its calamities and barbarities, it is our duty to learn what we can from it. But there has been almost nothing of this in the discussions of the naval battle between the Chinese and Japanese. We do not now remember to have seen a single expression of sympathy or of horror in the writings of the expert disputants. The nearest approach to human feeling they have displayed—not a very elevated type of feeling, it must be admitted—is a thanking their stars that it was a lot of heathen Japs and Chinamen who had tried the experiment for the benefit of more civilized races. The latter could thus save their own skins while getting a valuable lesson in the science of destroying human life by wholesale.

Now this blunting of humane sensibilities is not a thing to be looked upon lightly. The pursuit of war in a quasi-scientific spirit seems to have filled many minds with a zeal for weapons of precision, for beautiful strategy and naval evolutions, for quick-firing guns and new tricks of armor, to the entire oversight of what an essentially barbarous thing war is. They will turn to accounts of the Yalu fight, and read such a bit as the following from the narrative of an eye-witness printed in the *North China Herald:* "We now observed the *Chiyuen* suddenly heel over and sink, probably from a chance shot from the enemy's first division." But they betray no thrill of horror at the thought of a crew of 300 men thus going to the bottom without a moment's warning. They rather exclaim with a sort of bastard scientific enthusiasm, "By Jove! old Krupp was right after all." Or they will read of the *Kingyuen* going

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down like lead before a torpedo, with a complement of 270 men, and will think only of the splendid argument this will furnish them to squeeze an appropriation for more torpedo boats out of their Parliament or Congress. In short, the new school of naval experts, with their great learning and scientific attainments, tends distinctly to throw an unreal glamour about war, and to make it little else than a beautiful demonstration of mathematical theses or problems in mechanics or ballistics. This is a clear return to savagery. The whole progress of civilization has been marked by efforts to mitigate the horrors of war and to make resort to it as reluctant as possible; but our modern scientific fighters are in danger of forgetting and counteracting all that, and making war seem a thing in which to take a barbaric delight.

If any one is yet in doubt about the way the growth of the navy itself has fostered a warlike spirit among us, and made it seem a light thing to go to war, he need only look at the effect of the new navy on the last two secretaries of the department. Mr. Tracy was known only as a quiet lawyer before he was put at the head of the navy, but no sooner had he got there than he began to cast about for some *corpus vile* to try his big guns upon. Because one commander lost a good chance, though an illegal one, to blow somebody out of water, he dismissed him with contumely. Later on, when the *Itata* sailed away, in a perfectly legal manner, as our own courts decided, Mr. Tracy had the *Charleston* out after her, with much talk of powder and blood, and also began importing shot and shell from Europe—though he had no money to pay the duty on them—so as to be ready to sink Chilian ships and bombard Chilian cities. This transformation of a peace-loving counsellor-at-law into a bloodthirsty bully of the sea was most astonishing, and can be accounted for only on the supposition that if you put terrible engines of destruction into a man's hands, he becomes mad to get them at work.

Secretary Herbert has undergone a not dissimilar metamorphosis. Not long ago this erstwhile inoffensive Congressman gave us a picture of a modern battle-ship moving into an enemy's harbor, the happy captain pressing a button now here, now there, and dealing out death and destruction with beautiful effectiveness. In the last *North American Review* he has an article on the lessons of the Yalu sea-fight, in which there is not a word of sympathy for victims or survivors, not a line in deprecation of our own country ever being drawn into war, but only and everywhere anxiety about making our battle-ships bigger and more deadly. Is it any wonder that when the head of the department takes such a tone, a subordinate should draw a fancy picture of a "hell of death and destruction," and print it in a popular magazine as the kind of thing naval officers think about, day and night?

Of course this is partly to be explained on the ground of professional absorption. This is natural enough, and need not be objected to. But the danger lies in popularizing such professional absorption, in spreading broadcast the idea that because modern warfare is scientific it thereby ceases to be savage by nature, and that a great industrial nation, at peace with all the world and able to remain so indefinitely, ought to spend its brains and treasure in getting ready to fight all comers. Naval experts who propagate such barbarous notions are doing what physicians would do if they tried to make people take a purely scientific view of disease, and to lose all dread of it for themselves or sympathy for those who suffer from it. The heartless way in which naval writers have been analyzing in public the incidents of the Yalu fight may prove them to be very professional and scientific—though their radically conflicting views throw doubt even upon this—but it certainly proves them dangerous hands to which to intrust the peace and honor of great nations.

## *SUCCESSFUL NOVEL-WRITING.*

We are told that the four novels most sold in this country within the past few months have been Mrs. Ward's 'Marcella,' Meredith's 'Lord Ormont,' Hall Caine's 'Manxman,' and Du Maurier's 'Trilby.' This fact ought to be significant of much to a large class of literary Americans—we mean those upon whose consciences the cause, and especially the future, of the American novel weighs heavily. Usually to the practice of novel-writing they add much theorizing on how to do it, how to tell a good novel by looking it in the mouth, what novels to read and how to enjoy them, and how, above all, to build up and encourage a flourishing school of indigenous fiction.

A little attention to the great success of the novels mentioned will, we believe, yield more light on this subject than all the theorizing that can be spun out of any man's vitals. Observe, to begin with, that it is a success of the worthiest and most solid sort. These books have succeeded, not with the reading public to which all novels are one—the public which, in Thoreau's language, reads its nine-thousandth tale "with saucer eyes, with erect and primitive curiosity, and with unwearied gizzard." Meredith and the others have not found favor with the devotees of Albert Ross, or Lew Wallace, or Mrs. Linton, but have won their way with the James audience, the Howells and Crawford and Wilkins audience—with the very people, in fact, to whom the appeal in behalf of native fiction is most strongly made, and who confessedly constitute our ultimate tribunal in such matters. Their judgment shows conclusively that it is idle to hope to make novels go by nationality. As the French and Spanish adventurers in the New World used to hang each other not as Frenchmen or as Spaniards, but as pirates and cut-throats, so does fiction to-day get a favorable verdict not because it is American, English, or Polish, but because it is good; and it is damned not because it is foreign or native, but because it is weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Now, we know that to say the way to write a good novel is to write like the four writers mentioned, sounds very much like saying that the way to paint a good picture is to paint like Velasquez. But there are, after all, some things in the externals of these four novels that ought to be taken to heart by many an anxious and aspiring novelist among us. We would ask him carefully to note, for one thing, the interval which has elapsed between 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'Trilby,' between 'The Manxman' and 'The Scapegoat,' between 'David Grieve' and 'Marcella,' between 'Lord Ormont' and the next preceding novel of Meredith's. There is nothing of the four-novels-a-year and anybody-can-do-it apparent in such slow methods of production. It really looks, in fact, as if these writers were something other than improvisers, as if they required time for their ideas to ripen and their conceptions to become vivid and consistent. The rule of producing one novel in three years instead of three or four each year would argue great laziness on the part of the authors—unless one were inclined to take up with the almost incredible theory that it meant a vast amount of *labor limæ* by them, a crude and obsolete application to the art of novel-writing of the principles which give all art distinction and permanence. This was all very well for Hawthorne and George Eliot in their plodding era, but squares ill with our mile-a-minute age. However, the problem seems to come down to a choice between mile-a-minute production joined with mile-a-minute oblivion, and a somewhat slower progress towards both printed page and the paper-mill.

Another thing in these books that ought to be a useful hint to the writers of novels is the broad and full canvas which they present. Their interest does not turn on two or three characters, wire-drawn to the vanishing point, but resides in the generous amplitude of the life they picture. They do not try to float themselves on a new trick of dialect, or on personal eccentricities, or any of the other little happy thoughts which it seems to be the sole function of so many makers of novels to "dash down" and turn into a book. Not that they are afraid of any of these things or avoid them; freely do they use them, but as a part of a broad treatment of a large section of the human comedy, not mistaking the asides and the by-play for the whole drama.

Nor can any reader imagine that any of the novelists we have named stopped to think what "school" he belonged to and was exemplifying. It was enough for him that he had a tale of human interest to tell, and had taken pains to tell it to the best of his power. The idea of classify-

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ing 'Trilby' in a "school"! No one who reads that book stops to ask himself whether its author is a romanticist, a realist, a naturalist, a decadent, a symbolist, a veritist, or what-not. The sooner our complaining novelists leave off calling themselves and other people names, and cease thinking they can extemporize themselves to fame, the sooner will fame and name come, and the sooner will they get over their pain at the sight of four English writers of fiction running off at one time with the American market.

## SOME CONTINENTAL LIBRARIES.—II.

VENICE, September, 1894.

To go through the ducal courtyard and up the Giants' Staircase as a sight-seer is one thing; to have business that requires one to traverse them every day is quite another. One looks at them from the inside, as it were, and feels almost a part of the historical setting. I doubt, however, if this feeling comes to any but those to whom historical surroundings are unusual and whose imaginations are active. It resembles the feeling which prompts us to seat ourselves on thrones, to handle celebrated pens, to endeavor by outward means to bring ourselves to a realization of the state of mind which produced great things in the past.

It was to some such mental accompaniment that I first took my way to the Biblioteca Nazionale, a few days after my arrival in Venice, to get a book or two; on the second day, the accompaniment was not so noticeable, on the third and fourth visits my whole thought was centred on getting the books. The first day, the prefect or librarian was not in, and the books could not be given out, nor any procedure recommended by any one else. The second day he was in, read my letter of introduction very politely, offered me the freedom of the reading-room, and gave instructions that I was to have whatever MSS. I asked for to study, but could not let me take a book away without the written signature of the American consul or vice-consul affixed to a printed form which was given me. In the meantime, the printed rules of the Library were placed at my disposal when asked for, to read and make what extracts I chose.

The third day I sought the vice-consul in a very out-of-the-way corner, and found him somewhat surprised to be called on for such a favor, from which I inferred that Americans in Venice did not as a rule take books from the Biblioteca Nazionale. He signed the guarantee, remarking that it was a strange thing for the Library to require of consuls, since they could not possibly know the persons for whom they made themselves responsible; which was quite true and made my obligation seem very great. Armed with this document, I returned to the Library. The books were found; I was conducted with them to the office of the secretary, and was on the eve of obtaining my treasure when it was found that the consular stamp was not on the guarantee. There was no evading the rule in a Government library, but the attendant, seeing my disappointment, promised to set the books aside until I came again. Twenty-four hours brought me, through the mail, a properly stamped paper, and the books were then secured, with an attendant to carry them home for me. "Do you always carry the books for people?" I asked; "and is it required in order to see if they have given the right address?"

"Oh, signora!" was the reply, with a look that said, "How could you think us so suspicious and unbelieving!" After which he explained that the professors usually took a number of books at once and wished them carried home, and so it had become the custom. It gives the opportunity of a fee, also, which is not allowed for any service within the Library precincts.

So much for the Biblioteca Nazionale, whose books I should have been allowed to keep for a month had I so desired, while the consular letter would remain in force for a year unless previously ordered cancelled by one of the three parties concerned. What other resources for reading have the Venetians and the strangers within their gates? I went to the circulating library in the Piazza, where the books that go out are nearly all novels of the Tauchnitz press, and the charge is a franc a week, with a deposit of five francs. One may have as many books *in succession* during the week as one can devour, for this sum. I inquired for the books I was then trying to obtain at the Biblioteca Nazionale—several books on Venice by Horatio F. Brown, keeper of the English archives in Venice. Yes, they had some of them for sale, not for circulation, "and they cannot be had at the Public Library either," I was told. This made me infer that there was still another library open to the public, and I consulted Baedeker. Mention was there made of a reading-room and library in the Palazzo Querini, open from eleven to eleven. To this old palace, with its inner garden now given up chiefly to the raising of chickens, I betook myself in a gondola, not venturing on an approach by land lest there should be no side-door open to the public. By dint of the gondolier's staff on the outside and the blows of an attendant on the inside, the front door was at last forced open, showing plainly that the side door was the popular entrance. Had I wanted a book here, even to read in the ladies' reading-room, I must have had another consular guarantee, unless I could show that my stay was limited to a few days and that the emergency was great. On no account were books given out to any one.

Fortunately, the only favor I asked was to see the rooms. There are several reading-rooms, in only one of which did there seem to be students, and among these were two young Italian women whom I had previously seen working at the Biblioteca Nazionale. The librarian was not in, but another officer, an elderly man, courteously explained to me the status of the library. It is a private collection, open for public use, but no additions of any consequence are made to it except of serial and periodical publications. Hence, said the old gentleman rather sadly, there were now few readers where formerly there had been many. There were no statistics to be had—indeed, there was a vagueness about everything that made me wonder afterward if I might not have dreamed the experiences. But I saw the alphabetical card-catalogue and learned that the librarian was preparing one of subjects, and I was shown, with a courteous attempt to establish a common interest, the two volumes of the American Library Association's Model Library Catalogue as a publication of which the Querini library recognized the value.

There are still three other libraries in Venice, connected with the Museo Civico, the Ateneo and the Istituto; but these are not free. While I do not think it safe to generalize from personal experience, my study of the rules of Italian Government libraries would lead me to think that I have described the usual course of affairs as regards the giving of library privileges to strangers. Persons of international reputation would doubtless not be put through this ordeal, but Americans whose international reputation has penetrated to Italy are few. In the case of Italians who may take books, they are divided by the library into two classes, citizens of Venice and citizens of Italy. The former do not need a guarantor; the latter must have one from among a long list of officials named as competent for the office. The privilege of drawing books is of two kinds, one admitting the loan of a certain book or books for a time not exceeding two months, the other allowing a succession of loans during a year. As to reading and study at the library itself, nothing could be more agreeable than the atmosphere of the Biblioteca Nazionale during the seven hours of the day when it is open to the public. The card-catalogue of authors is in the room first entered, and may be consulted by any one who seems a proper person, though nominally the assistants only are supposed to use it. A subject-catalogue is also to be consulted on application. The attendants are in uniform and are always within call, most of them seeming to have no other work during public hours than waiting upon readers or the higher library officials. They belong to the fifth of the five classes into which the employees of government libraries are divided, the *uscieri* and *serventi*, these in turn being divided into several grades.

The books of the Library are kept behind wire doors, so that the titles may be seen. From the catalogue-room, in which books are also kept, one enters the reading-room for printed books or the manuscript-room. The distinction, however, seems hardly to be between books and MSS., rather between reading and studying; for but one of the students in the latter room was engaged upon a manuscript. A soldier was consulting Larousse and the 'Britannica,' an author comparing an old edition (of Dante, I thought) with some proof-sheets, and the others engaged with other books, chiefly old ones. It was not easy, in this cosey room, with its four tables, its Madonna by some old Venetian master over the door, and its curious prints and engravings covering the walls, to bring one's self to so prosaic a task as translating and copying from the rules for Italian Government libraries, though I soon found matter of considerable interest in them. As the various students finished their half-day's work, the books in use were recommended to the care of an attendant, or placed by the student himself in a case in the room, where they might remain undisturbed until his return. In my own experience, though I said nothing to the attendant, I always found my book just where I had left it, keeping my place at the table, so to speak.

The term Government libraries covers, as well as independent libraries under the Government, the libraries of all universities, academies of art, science, and letters, and of all Government institutions. The national libraries, in various cities, are expected to consider all other public libraries in the city as subsidiary, whether under the Government or not, and in their buying to give the preference to those books in which these others are deficient, thus avoiding also useless duplication. In another letter I may be able to give an idea of the requirements made of candidates for positions in the Government libraries of Italy. The exact grading of this branch of the Government service, the system of examinations, etc., may offer suggestions of value, and must certainly be of interest to all who are directly

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concerned in the management of libraries in the United States. MARY W. PLUMMER.

## VELASQUEZ IN MADRID.—II.

LONDON, September, 1894.

PROBABLY the warning that nowhere as in Madrid is Velasquez seen in the plenitude of his power sends one to the Prado with strong preconceived opinions—an admiration ready made. But consciousness of the prejudice in his favor—at least, such is my experience—only determines one not to be convinced against one's will. If the impression received from his work exceeded expectation, I was the more anxious to find some good reason for it, to assure myself that it was not a mere trick of the imagination. After all, the reason is not far to seek. It is partly but not altogether because Velasquez is, as now universally acknowledged, the master of technique, with a single stroke of his brush expressing more than most men could with a dozen, painting so consummately well that every minor detail gives the pleasure that all perfect accomplishment must, whether it be but a glove, as in one Philip after another, or a bit of armor (the wonderful shield in the Mars, for example), or, again, merely the simple but magic touch that lends light and shadow to another painter's mechanical design, as in the fringe of the trappings on Queen Isabella's horse. It is partly, but still not altogether, because he, first of all artists, dipped his brush in air and light until other pictures by the side of his seem flat and lifeless—Titian's superb Charles V. but so much paint, after the regal Philip IV. whose horse prances in open daylight; Veronèse's sumptuous architecture but a fine arrangement of lines, after the sombre room, filled with atmosphere, in which the maids of honor wait upon the little Infanta. These are qualities in his work that can be recognized either in London or in Vienna, and without the visit to Madrid. In the Prado, however, if, no matter where hung nor in what company, Velasquez refuses to be ignored, it is above all because of certain other incomparable gifts in him, elsewhere not so fully illustrated and never so readily admitted. For, though it has become the correct thing for every amateur to prattle about his mastery of technique, next to nothing is heard of the charm of color and the decorative elegance of his pictures, which are the surprise the Prado has in store for the student.

Velasquez, according to popular misconception, was an uncompromising realist, a very Zola among painters; therefore the illogical conclusion is drawn that beauty of color and rhythm of line were without his scope, beyond his reach. But because—except when he was painting pure landscape—he emancipated himself from conventions outworn and dead, and expressed himself in terms entirely personal, it need not follow that he defied the essential conditions and restrictions of all art; because he presented a subject as no other man would, and recorded character as no other man could, it is not necessary to see in him but the submissive slave of nature. To a man of his temperament, unquestioning obedience to tradition was impossible; to a painter of his vision, truth was not to be disregarded; to an artist of his genius, nature could offer but "slovenly suggestions." That he was not to be coerced by academic tyranny is best exemplified in his religious pictures, since in them he was forced to adhere to traditional arrangement, and yet his manner of utterance was ever singularly individual. The personal note was always struck, whether in the swaddling-clothes of the infant, in so early a work as the "Adoration of the Kings," clearly studied from life and not borrowed from stock studio properties; or the Virgin in the "Coronation," as beautiful as the average critic declares his women to be ugly, as distinct in type as Raphael's and Murillo's madonnas are without distinction of any kind; or the big practical biscuit which, surely, no other artist ever put in the mouth of the raven caterer to Saint Anthony and Saint Paul. That he could grasp the salient characteristics of the thing or person he painted as no one had done before, or has done since, his portraits establish beyond a doubt. The face of his Philip, with its strange pallor and full Austrian lips, is as familiar to us as that of an intimate friend; his Infantas and Admirals and Dwarfs, once seen, are never forgotten. Though Ribera's or Murillo's saints bear a strong family likeness, though among Titian's goddesses the one scarce differs from the next, Velasquez's men and women have each his, or her, own complexion and color, varying from the bloodless Philip to the swarthy Æsop. The same flesh tints, once mixed upon his palette, never served for all his heads, as the wonderful group in the foreground of the "Lances" triumphantly testifies. But his innovations, more startling to his age than to ours, and his study of truth, which has gained for him the name of naturalist, did not leave him indifferent to the larger aspects, the more legitimate functions of art. It is the great glory of the Prado that it contains canvas after canvas to bear witness to the skill with which, from nature's vaguest hint, he could create a rare arrangement of color, a rare scheme of decoration.

So long as his sense of color betrays itself only in a bit of brown drapery, as in the *Borrachos*, or "Topers," or in a crimson sash, as in the equestrian Philip and Don Balthasar, there is nothing to bewilder. It is when he has filled his picture, not merely with spots of beautiful color, but with an exquisite harmony, that the artless, to whom the folds of blue mantle over saintly shoulders or the sweep of red cloak in mythological landscape mean color, cry out and denounce him as no idealist. But, though they have not eyes to see it, half the charm of the "Lances" is in the stirring symphony in green and blue which nature, unaided, could never have produced; half the strength of "Vulcan's Forge" in the subdued browns and gold vividly imagined, not actually seen; half the loveliness of the "Maids of Honor" in the tender grays and greens carried with such matchless subtlety from the walls, which prepare the way for the serene neutral tints of the modern master-decorator, to the silken gowns stretched over hoops which he alone knew how to make beautiful in their stiff ugliness. As if to emphasize the meagreness of the means by which he obtained his effects, he has painted himself in this picture, holding in his hand his palette. Umbers and siennas, red and white and black, are the colors laid upon it. Again, so long as he seems content with a grandiose simplicity of arrangement, as in those royal portraits where a curtain, a chair, and a table of almost photographic primness are his sole resources, the unintelligent deplore his relentless realism, his disdain of all decorative conventions. And once having called him a realist, they refuse to recognize the grandeur of composition in the equestrian portraits, with their wide landscapes and sweeping and majestic lines that render useless the stale old device of people and houses in the middle distance to bring out the dignity and bigness of horse and rider. They refuse to see more than a bald record of facts in the impressive array of lances which break up the expanse of clouded sky and give their name to the picture of the Surrender of Breda; more than the result of chance in the treatment of the tapestry and the three enchanting little figures in the background of the "Spinners"; and of all the sixty-odd canvases in the Prado, it is invariably upon the "Maids of Honor" they hit as proof positive of the haphazard element in his method. An anticipation of the Daguerreotype, it seemed to Stirling Maxwell. Where was the picture in it? Gautier, who should have known better, asked, and so the curious fallacy has been handed down and grown stronger with years. But what if the grouping were, as is said, the outcome of Philip's desire to have the scene before him, as he sat for his portrait, transferred to canvas—the little Infanta Margaret, attended by her maids of honor, its centre, the painter himself at his easel a prominent feature? If he owed his subject to the caprice of a King, the painter's invention could still force materials so unpromising to yield a noble harmony of form as of color. The arrangement in "Las Meninas" is so perfect in its subtlety, so well-balanced in its parts, so tranquil and lovely as a whole, that, even if the color were less beautiful, the atmospheric effects less true, one could still understand why Luca Giordano thought to find in this picture "the theology of painting"—the *poetry* of painting would better have expressed his meaning. Before such masterpieces, wonder at the virile and personal presentment of truth in the work of Velasquez is forgotton for delight in its glory of color, its splendor of decoration; and these are qualities found in their full perfection only in the pictures of the Prado.

The gallery has its many other interests, to which I have not had space even to refer. It affords the best opportunity to follow the history of art in Spain, from its beginning with the primitives, of whom there are examples to vie with the beautiful Annunciation in the Mosque-Cathedral at Cordova, down to the moderns who, every year, manufacture *grandes machines* for the Salons. It contains French pictures of varying merit—most notable, two lovely little Watteaus, forerunners, as it were, of many a pastoral by Corot; and Italian canvases of no less inequality, most unlooked for being the fine Tiépolos, which remind us that Venetian genius was not exhausted with Veronese, and that if a painter's style have character, period and school and nationality count for little. It rejoices in a series of drawings by Goya, so clear, so spirited, so original, that one wishes a new Inquisitor ruled in the Plaza Mayor, and that pictures, instead of heretics, were burned at the stake, so that his canvases, save two or three, thus disposed of, Goya henceforward might be remembered solely as draughtsman. But when all is said, it is Velasquez who proves the most commanding, the most overwhelming presence among them all; it is Velasquez for whom one makes the journey to the most unendurable capital in Europe, Valasquez who repays one for the trouble. N. N.

## GENERAL THIÉBAULT'S MEMOIRS.—II.

PARIS, October 23, 1894.

WE left Gen. Thiébault at the time of the Concordat. He returned to his headquarters at Tours, and had not long been there when he fell in love. It would not be worth while to

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mention this but that this new love was to become his wife. Elisabeth Chenais, whom he calls familiarly Zozotte, made him completely forget Pauline, his Milanese passion. He says gravely: "La Rochefoucauld says that we are never so near a new love as when we have just left another. One acquires, in fact, a necessity for strong and lively emotions and an invincible habit of happiness." Thiébault was very inflammable; as soon as he saw Zozotte he felt an invincible desire for strong emotions. He had evidently no sense of humor, for he spoke of the person who became his wife exactly as he had spoken before of Pauline. Elisabeth Chenais was the daughter of a planter of San Domingo; she had been unhappily married at the age of fifteen, but she had left her husband and lived at Tours with her father. Thiébault engaged himself to her, and was sent to Versailles, where he had Junot for his chief, and afterwards to Orléans. At the time when the First Consul ordered that all Englishmen who were in France should be considered prisoners of war, Orléans became the residence of sixty of them, among whom were Lord Elgin and the Gen. Count O'Connell (uncle of the famous Irish agitator). Thiébault showed all possible kindness to them, and remained their friend afterwards. O'Connell had served in the French army, participating in the siege of Mahon. He had emigrated in 1792, and had served in the army of Condé as a simple hussar; but when the Princes left for Russia, he returned to England, where he married Madame de Bellevue, an *émigrée*. When the power of the First Consul became irresistible, Napoleon wished to attach to his army a man whom he knew because he was the author of the military ordinances of 1788. O'Connell thanked him: "I am too old," he said, "to leave a cause which I have always served." Thiébault was ordered to send all his English prisoners to the fortress of Bitche. The orders of Napoleon were not often discussed; Thiébault took it on himself to make an exception in the case of Lord Elgin and of Gen. O'Connell.

One morning Thiébault received a cut-and-dried address humbly begging the First Consul to assume the title of Emperor. This address was to be read at once to all the military functionaries and to the troops, and to receive as many signatures as possible. The wish thus expressed was regarded as an order, and Thiébault had to carry to Paris the address with its signatures. A few days afterwards a *Senatus-consultum* proclaimed Napoleon Emperor, and the new Charlemagne appointed his marshals. He said to Josephine: "Remember, madame, that you have now no longer any family, you have only subjects." He revived, however, for his new marshals the old royal appellation, "Mon cousin." Thiébault finds occasion to criticise Napoleon in the choice of his marshals; he admits the merits of some, denies the merits of others. Those who find favor in his eyes are Masséna, Saint-Cyr, the great tactician; Kellermann, the victor at Valmy; Jourdan, victor at Wattignies and Fleurus; Lannes, whom he calls the inspired general; Bernardotte and Suchet, Ney, Murat. All the rest are judged by him not worthy of the dignity of marshal.

Thiébault gives a lengthy account of the festivities at the coronation of the Emperor. For this occasion he took Zozotte, who had now become his wife, to Paris; but he did not present her at the Tuileries. "I was deterred from so doing by the thought that Zozotte was too pretty to be presented by me at this court. . . . Many people have criticised us, and they were right from the point of view of ambition, of money, of honors, of my career; but was I wrong, since I wanted only domestic happiness?" Thiébault had not much consideration for the new Empress. "She remained for me," he says, "the former mistress of Barras, who had procured for Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy; the woman who, for a bribe of 500,000 francs, had given the contract for the army of Italy to the abominable Flachat Company, whose bold robberies caused the horrible distress and famine of our troops during the siege of Genoa, and forced Masséna to make terms with Melas." He adds, however, that, after having at first persisted in calling Josephine Mme. Bonaparte, "by degrees, I adopted the tone of the day, and soon there was nothing that I did not find imperial in Josephine."

Thiébault was in Notre Dame when "Bonaparte, in presence of the Pope, before all the bishops and archbishops of France, with an historical exactitude of which he did not always give an example, crowned himself with his own hands." He was also on horseback in the procession of marshals and generals which accompanied the Emperor from Notre Dame to the Tuileries. Zozotte went to all the great balls given by the city of Paris and by the marshals, if she did not go to the Tuileries. "At each of these balls she ran away, like a child, from any spot that the Emperor approached, and thus she did not come under his eyes." Thiébault had found the young creole irresistible, and thought that everybody saw her with the same eyes as himself. The portrait of Mlle. Chenais which is in this third volume of the Memoirs does not favor his notion. Zozotte, if the portrait is truthful, was merely a pretty creole. A son was born to Gen. Thiébault at Orléans, but his wife became very ill after her confinement, the child died, and, a few hours after his death, came a courier to Orléans who brought Thiébault an order to start immediately for Landau in Bavaria, and to take there the command of a brigade in the First Army Corps, which was under Marshal Soult. His wife became delirious for a while, and was still very ill when he left for Germany.

England had succeeded in forming a coalition. Austria was first in readiness, and Mack, at the head of 80,000 men, had already crossed the territory of Bavaria, which was our ally. His right was at Ulm, his left at Memmingen. Napoleon began at once the celebrated march which conducted him rapidly before Ulm. Instead of attacking the Austrian general in front, he advanced by the left bank of the Danube, and, crossing the Danube at Donauwörth, placed himself in the rear of Mack, who became isolated, and could not retreat either on Munich or on Tyrol. A single manœuvre and a few combats allowed Napoleon to annihilate the army of Mack.

The French corps had many forced marches to make during the first part of the campaign; Thiébault says that his division had not much to do besides marching, but the details into which he enters give a very vivid idea of the realities of war. He was at Germersheim, as he had been ordered, on the 12th of September, and there found Marshal Soult, his immediate chief, Gen. Saint-Hilaire, and his colleague, Gen. Morand, who commanded the first brigade of his division. The Rhine was crossed on the 26th of September at Speyer, and the campaign began. Thiébault passed through Heilbronn, Hall, Ellwangen, Nördlingen, crossed the Danube. On the 7th of October, he was on the road to Landsberg, when Philippe de Ségur, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, arrived with a letter from Napoleon to Saint-Hilaire, telling him that the enemy was at Landsberg. Saint-Hilaire had hardly taken the direction of Landsberg, his soldiers singing and shouting from time to time, "Vive l'Empereur!" when an aide-de-camp of Murat came at full gallop, and informed Saint-Hilaire that Murat was fighting an enemy much superior in force, and ordered him to join Murat in great haste. "But," said Saint-Hilaire, "here is the Emperor's order." "Landsberg is not in question," said the officer, "but Ulm; and what will you do if the Prince is overpowered, if Mack cuts his way through?" Meanwhile, the roar of the guns was heard in the direction of Mindelheim, where Murat was fighting. "What then is to be done?" asked Saint-Hilaire of his generals. Thiébault replied: "Let us go where the guns are heard." Thiébault, in relating these details, refers to Marshal Grouchy, who did not, at Waterloo, go where the guns were heard. Saint-Hilaire followed Thiébault's advice, but, as the guns ceased to be heard after a while, he changed his mind and retook the direction of Landsberg. Suddenly the guns of Murat were heard again; new orders were given. The division changed its direction three times in less than an hour, and when Saint-Hilaire arrived he was very badly received by Murat, who, however, had been able to maintain his position, with the help of troops coming from another direction.

The great question, during the terrible marches, made chiefly in the rain, was a resting-place at night. Thiébault's division found itself for a whole night packed in a deep cut, on a high road; thousands of men were without shelter, without food, without fire, under a heavy and cold rain. The generals and aides-de-camp lost all their authority on such occasions; each man had to look out for himself. During the negotiations which were followed by the capitulation of Memmingen, a cart was stopped by the soldiers near the gates of the town; the driver fled, and the soldiers heard that the cart was full of boxes containing jewelry and watches. "The most imperative prohibition, the fire from the place, which continued—nothing could stop them. Nearly forty soldiers found their death near the cart; nevertheless the boxes were broken open and ransacked."

Thiébault exhibits, as this example proves, the dark side of war. "The night," he says, "which succeeded the capitulation of Memmingen, struck a great blow to discipline. The troops of my corps d'armée, which by their wisdom had so far shown themselves worthy of having been a part of the army of the camp at Boulogne, became a band of plunderers." To do Thiébault justice, he took the greatest possible pains to check these deplorable tendencies. He never left his troops; his brigade was kept in better order than all the others. He never allowed soldiers to straggle and to enter into houses, and he surrounded his brigade every night with a cordon of sentries.

Mack's capitulation at Ulm paved the way for the great victory of Napoleon at Austerlitz. Many accounts have been given of this celebrated battle; the detailed narrative of Thiébault will be found among the most valuable, especially as his corps d'armée played a very decisive part in it. Soult had to storm and to occupy the plateau of Pratzen, which became, so to speak, the pivot of the French army. Curiously enough, two months before, at a moment when the allies were retiring on Olmütz, and when it was thought that the winter would

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interrupt military operations, Napoleon, riding with some officers, showed them the heights of Pratzen, and said: "Look well at those heights; it is there that you will fight in two months." It was on these heights, when the battle was already won by the French, that Thiébault was struck by a shell and received a most terrible wound in the shoulder and the sternum. He had seven bones broken; he was for a long time in danger of his life, and was saved only by his robust constitution.

As soon as he could do so safely, he returned by short stages to France, and found his wife in Paris, where they remained together for six months. He was invited to all the great receptions at the Tuileries.

"At one of these sumptuous receptions, with my eyes fixed on the golden throne, which seemed then as indestructible as it was brilliant, I remembered suddenly the first time that I had seen this same Bonaparte, then brigadier on half pay. It was in this garden of the Tuileries which had become his garden. . . . This Bonaparte, whom I still saw so thin, so dry, so yellow, so weak, without a name, without a fortune, who seemed without a future, received now the homage of kings, maintained the first place among them, was ready to distribute crowns to all his family, and, having become the most formidable potentate in the world, marked by monuments every spot on which he stepped."

# Correspondence.

## THE BALTIMORE PLAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One important result of the adoption of the Baltimore plan of currency reform seems to have been overlooked in your article of the 25th inst. As the guarantee fund in the hands of the Government is to be maintained by the banks at a fixed proportion of all the bank-notes outstanding, the banks would become co-insurers of each other's circulation, and would have a very definite interest in seeing that the bank examiners performed their duties thoroughly and in good faith. Under the system of bond security they evidently have no such special interest.—Yours truly,

Geo. Q. Thornton.

St. Louis, Mo., October 29, 1894.

## FARMING IN MARYLAND AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "Why is it that the consumer in Baltimore wanting good butter on his table should be left to buy Western butter instead of delicious Maryland butter fresh from the farm or dairy?"

One reason is, that this climate favors the growth of garlic in the grass in a way scarcely known in more Northern latitudes. During the spring and early summer months the milk and butter are so filled with this odor and flavor that a large portion of the public prefers to use butter from a distance. If any way can be found to eradicate either the garlic or the climate, the Maryland farmer and the Baltimore consumer will stand on a better footing.

J. M. V.

Baltimore, November 2, 1894.

## THE WORD "DETAIL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Dr. Murray opens a very interesting question, namely, why the word *detail* should be used in a military sense in this country and not, apparently, in England. The earliest quotation I have yet found for the word in this sense is from a paper written by General Charles Lee on Count Pulaski's proposed legion in 1778. In this paper occurs the following passage:

"As it is not certain that either Count Polaski [*sic*], or Major Lee understood *the detail* of Cavalry, on which so much depends, let some Quarter-masters or Sergeants, who have served in the British cavalry, (and there are many on the continent,) be found out, encouraged with rank and emolument, and employed. A corps thus composed, with brave and understanding officers at their head, such as are Polaski and Lee, with a few subordinate officers, knowing, *in the detail*, will render more effectual service than any ten regiments on the continent." ('The Life and Memoirs of the late Major General Lee, second in command to General Washington during the American Revolution, to which are added his Political and Military Essays.' New York, 1813. P. 152.)

If this word, used in a military sense, occurs first during the American Revolution, and only on this side of the Atlantic, is it not possible that it came from our French allies of that period? The primary meaning assigned to *détailler*, in the Dictionary of the Academy, is that of subdivision, *distribuer par parties*. Yet neither Larousse nor Littré mentions the military usage. T. W. Higginson.

Cambridge, Mass., October 30, 1894.

# Notes.

The new volume in the Messrs. Appleton's complete edition of Huxley's Works will bear the title 'Evolution and Ethics.' Socialism and the Salvation Army are among the topics embraced in it.

Additional announcements from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are Edward Cary's Life of George William Curtis, in the "American Men of Letters" series; an 'Oliver Wendell Holmes Yearbook'; 'Notes on the Forest Flora of Japan,' by Prof. Charles S. Sargent; 'Occult Japan: The Way of the Gods,' by Percival Lowell; 'Side Glimpses from the Colonial Meeting-house,' by William Root Bliss; 'The Great Refusal: Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham,' by Paul E. More; 'A Century of Charades,' by William Bellamy; Sir Edward Strachey's 'Talk at a Country House'; and the first public edition of a 'Memoir of Maria Edgeworth,' with a selection from her letters, by Mrs. Edgeworth, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare.

D. Appleton & Co. announce a Life of Dean Buckland, by his daughter; 'Songs of the Soil,' by Frank L. Stanton; and 'The Golden Fairy-Book,' with illustrations.

Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, will publish, in connection with Elliot Stock, London, a facsimile of the first edition (1678) of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the reproduction being carried out even to the binding. A preface by Dr. John Brown, author of 'Bunyan and his Times,' undertakes to settle some controverted questions.

Johnson & Emigh, San Francisco, have in preparation a book of pressed 'Wild Flowers of California,' arranged by Miss E. C. Alexander, with appropriate sonnets by Ina D. Coolbrith and Grace Hibbard.

"Revised Translation" is written on the front of the pretty little edition of Daudet's 'Tartarin sur les Alpes' issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co., and an inserted slip for the reviewer's benefit speaks of disfiguring mistranslations that have been "carefully eliminated." But on p. 171 (for a random test), to station the Pension Müller "near the landing-stage by the lake" instead of its omnibus, as in Daudet's text, is a mistranslation clearly overlooked. In the preceding paragraph there are two "eliminations," but they are of passages in the original; and in the paragraph before that there is an insertion out of whole cloth, if we can trust the fifty-six-thousandth issue of the French. Evasions of translation, defective idiom (like "be it understood" for "of course" —*bien entendu*), carelessness, might also be exemplified from the same tract. The wash-drawings have been "processed" a second time after being reinforced with pen-strokes.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, adds to his "Bibelot Series" (long books for the pocket with parchment covers) 'Félise: A Book of Lyrics chosen from the Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne,' and FitzGerald's 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.' The paper of these issues is of the best, and the typography excellent if one be reconciled to italics for the poetry throughout. In the 'Rubáiyát' we have the first and fourth editions printed, for the sake of comparison, on opposite pages, and the variant readings of the other two editions are duly recorded. An American-English bibliography is appended. The "Bibelots" are limited to 725 copies.

The Dent-Macmillan edition of Miss Ferrier's Novels has all the attractiveness of the reprints of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Fielding. The form, print, binding are unexceptionable; each of the six volumes has its ex-libris pasted on the cover; Miss Erichsen's illustrations are above the ordinary, and her female characters in particular are very well imagined and drawn: The editor, Mr. Brimley Johnson, has been able to piece out the necessarily scanty biographical sketch with a selection from Miss Ferrier's letters placed at his disposal.

The well-known Macmillan edition of Browning has just been completed by an eighteenth volume consisting of 'Asolando,' biographical and historical notes to the Poems, a general index, and an index to first lines of the shorter poems.

Miss Guiney dedicates the five essays which compose 'A Little English Gallery' (Harpers) to Mr. Gosse, as an apology for "this friendly trespass on his fields." They might better have been laid at the door of Mr. Dobson, whose tireless accuracy in matter and winning grace of form they so honorably emulate, and in whose particular domain (the eighteenth century) fall the two most interesting of them —the exquisite sketches of George Farquhar and of Johnson's curious and lovable intimates, Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton. The others relate to Lady Danvers, George Herbert's noble mother, Henry Vaughan the Silurist, and William Hazlitt. All five are brilliant portraits, finely conceived and patiently elaborated, in a style and with a method that fail of being wholly admirable only because the author is not content with simplicity. Everything reminds her of something else, and she must needs remind likewise the reader, who is more puzzled than enlightened by the additional information. Miss Guiney's best effects are thus often dimmed by irrelevant details. Even Johnson she cannot let die without the anticlimax of a literary allusion: "That large soul had gone away, as Leigh Hunt so beautifully said of Coleridge, 'to an infinitude hardly wider than his thoughts.'"

'Portraits in Plaster' (Harpers) is Mr. Hutton's account of his collection of death and life-masks (which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*) "revised, enlarged, and virtually rewritten." Doubtless a plaster mask from the living

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or dead face is often the most valuable of documents, and the most irrecusable testimony as to the actual make and structure of the head and face of a great man. It may be distorted in expression and false in effect, but it gives undeniable and measurable facts as far as they go. It may be pointed out, however, that this does not hold true of drawings or photographs of such masks, which are liable to all the faults of drawings or photographs from life, and can have no greater authority. At best this collection of photographic reproductions from plaster casts is somewhat unpleasant to the eye and mind. At worst the value of the original cast as evidence is so far weakened by bad lighting, bad photographing, or bad reproduction that all sense of reality is lost, while no artistic quality is gained in its place. Noticeable in this way are the plates of Frederick the Great and Cromwell, while others are nearly as bad. On the other hand, one of the plates from the life-mask of Booth is remarkably successful and beautiful, and others are interesting. Mr. Hutton's text is pleasantly anecdotic and discursive.

Prof. Goodyear's 'Renaissance and Modern Art' (Chautauqua Century Press) may be safely recommended as an admirable handbook of the history of art for the period named. The general view given of the development and spread of the Renaissance and of the relation to it of our modern life and art is clear and sound, and the characterization of the work of individual artists is usually excellent. The selection of certain works as the "masterpieces" of the artists (*e. g.*, Titian's "Assumption" and Rubens's "Descent from the Cross") is sometimes conventional and at best rather meaningless, and the attempts at indicating the pronunciation of proper names (*e. g.*, "Jorjony") are not always happy. With these reservations we have little but praise for all the earlier part of the book. In dealing with the art of our own day, Prof. Goodyear is not quite so successful. Here the judgment of the world has not yet crystallized, and there is no guide to the relative importance of artists and their works save personal feeling and actual technical knowledge of art such as none but artists possess. It is therefore not surprising that there seems a lack of perspective and proportion in this part of the book, both as regards the comparison of modern with elder art, and as regards the comparative rank assigned to individual artists. Prof. Goodyear errs, however, rather in over-enthusiasm for modern, and particularly American, art and artists than in the opposite way, and it is certainly better to teach that good work can be and is done to-day and at home rather than to encourage the shallow contempt of everything that is not old and foreign. If our author is so dazzled by the beauty of the World's Fair at Chicago as to include some bad work in his commendation of the good, and even to overstrain a little the note of praise in honor of the really good work, the sin is not unforgivable.

The main idea of Mr. Horace E. Scudder's 'Childhood in Literature and Art' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is that all advance in humanity has been marked by increasing respect for and interest in the child, and that as one of the most significant things in Christianity is the utterance, "Suffer little children," so one of the great signs of that modern humanitarianism which dates from the French Revolution is the appearance of childhood in our literature, first strongly marked in the poems of Wordsworth and William Blake. The style of the book is deficient in lightness, and the thread of the argument is not always easy to disentangle. The theme will bear another attempt at handling.

The Macmillans have brought out a new edition of Mr. Pennell's 'Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen' which is virtually a new book. By cutting down the margins the page is made smaller without altering the size of the drawings, and the volume is much thicker than the first. Some of the original text has been cut out and only a necessary minimum added. The plan, or rather planlessness, of the work has not been changed, and there is no improvement in arrangement or clarity of presentation. Neither is there any improvement in tone, which is even more dogmatic than before in the "Preface to the Second Edition." The great change is in the augmented number of illustrations, which is more than doubled. The drawings now number 367 as against 158 in the former volume; and even these figures do not give a just idea of the amount of new work, for a good many plates have been either entirely discarded or replaced by others. By a careful comparison it appears that there are 223 new illustrations to the present edition; and as the illustrations must be the most important part of a work of this kind, it will be seen how greatly the value of this edition exceeds that of the original. Some of the additions repair injustices, as, notably, in the case of Meissonier, whose position as the father of modern illustration was unaccountably neglected in the first edition. Some give further or better examples of the work of men already noticed, but most are devoted to the new men who, in all countries, have been coming to the fore in the art of pen-drawing. The result is an astonishing array of ability and varying method which shows convincingly the vitality of the art to-day.

M. Thiers called Raphael "the painter of Madonnas," and the general public seems always to have agreed with M. Thiers. It is only the few who know the true Raphael, the world's supreme decorator and the résumé of the Renaissance; to the rest of the world, who care most for sentiment and prettiness and little for art, he has remained still "th painter of Madonnas." It is in this light that Karl Károly's 'Raphael's Madonnas and Other Great Pictures' (Macmillan) shows him once more. The "other great pictures" are only thirteen in number, and include none of the great frescoes on which the master's fame will always most securely rest. On the other hand, fair and sometimes excellent reproductions, directly from the originals, of the whole series of Raphael's Madonnas are here given. They are forty in number, and include all undoubted and some contested examples of this phase of the artist's work. To those whose palate is proof against the cloying influence of so much undiluted sweetness the book will be welcome. The "life" of Raphael is sufficient for its purpose, and the notes on the individual pictures give the essential facts together with criticisms, or rather appreciations, from various sources. The English is not always above reproach.

Readers of *Punch* who have missed of late "Lika Joko's Jottings," as pictorial accompaniment to those inimitable extracts from the diary of Toby, M.P., will be glad to know that Mr. Harry Furniss has undertaken to realize the old suggestion of "a Comic *Punch*," under the name of his former sobriquet. The first number of *Lika Joko* appeared on October 20, and promises a real rival to the friend of our youth and middle age. As, however, the cultivated world where Mr. Punch finds his audience has certainly doubled in extent since he made his bow to the admirers of John Leech and Douglas Jerrold—now more than fifty years ago—there should be room for a younger *Charivari* of Japanesque extraction. Their rivalry, we must hope, will not be internecine, although Father Punch, as drawn in *Lika Joko's* frontispiece, has the critical air of a parent whose latest scion is not altogether welcome.

Budding linguists may take delight in a polyglot collection of translations of Andersen's pathetic tale, 'A Mother,' side by side with the original—'Une Mère: Conte de Hans Christian Andersen en 22 langues' (St. Petersburg: S. M. Nicolaieff; London: Th. Wohlleben). Most of these versions have seen the light already in a similar publication (Copenhagen, 1875), but a few have been derived from other sources and some made expressly for the present occasion. Absolute typographical accuracy was hardly to be looked for. Three petty misprints have crept into the English rendering, besides the faulty division *flo-wers*, but correctness is the rule. The Danish compares favorably with the other languages in respect of terseness—five pages, to the Italian and modern Greek six, Armenian seven, Tartar seven and a half, etc. The Hebrew, on the other hand, is content with a little more than four pages.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have got out a duodecimo blank 'Catalogue of Books, MSS. and Prints' which will doubtless be found convenient for small collections. A fairly generous provision is made for lending and recovery.

Nearly all the papers in the current Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society (vol. x., part 2) will arrest attention. One is President Stanley Hall's "On the history of American college text-books and teaching in logic, ethics, psychology and allied subjects," a self-explanatory title. Another is the journal of Charles Floyd, sergeant under Lewis and Clark, of which the recent finding in the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society has been made known through our own columns. The transcript was furnished by Prof. J. D. Butler of Madison, and is introduced by him with some very interesting remarks on the fate of the subordinate journals of the expedition, of which he had predicted the eventual turning-up. Floyd's entries cover barely a hundred days, up to the time of his death, but supplement, as Prof. Butler shows, in not unimportant particulars both Gass's narrative and Biddle's. Mr. John Bellows and Mr. F. A. Ober have each something worth saying "On the Past in Present Asia" and on "The Aborigines of the West Indies" respectively.

With the November issue the *Psychological Review* (Macmillan) completes its first volume. This number contains two articles on Emotion, one being part of an extended discussion by Prof. John Dewey. Dr. Dana reports a striking case of double consciousness in one of his patients, discussing it in the light of earlier instances. With this volume completed, the *Review* takes its established place among the solid scientific journals. We note especially the very wide constituency among the universities from which it draws its contributions.

A new undertaking of the same editors is announced in this number of the *Review*. They are to have prepared (by Dr. Farrand of Columbia and Mr. Warren of Princeton) a yearly 'Index of Psychological Literature,' including the titles of all publications of interest to psychologists. The first number of this 'Index' is to be devoted to the literature of the year 1894, and is expected to appear in February,

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1895, with Macmillan's imprint. It may be ordered at a discount to subscribers to the *Review*, and will also be for sale separately.

Though the late Andrew G. Curtin was well on in years when he sat for the portrait which Mr. F. Gutekunst sends to us from Philadelphia, the traits of this "War Governor" are plainly manifest in the resolute and intelligent face. This photograph will rank with the best of its predecessors in the "imperial panel" series.

Miss Irwin's appointment as Dean of Radcliffe College has been signalized by a remarkable spontaneous testimonial from her former scholars in Philadelphia, during the past quarter of a century. Their grateful attachment led them to found an Agnes Irwin scholarship of five thousand dollars at the college; the recipient to be named, and all the details, present and future, to be arranged, by Miss Irwin herself. Accompanying the money gift was a silver box containing an engrossed parchment roll, sixteen feet long, bearing the names of the 616 donors—a widely scattered body. It will be remembered that Miss Irwin is a great-granddaughter of Franklin, whose silver medal is still awarded annually to the youth of the Boston public schools.

—By the preparation of 'A Catalogue of the Library of Adam Smith,' Mr. James Bonar, the editor, and Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers, have won the gratitude of every economic bibliophile. Smith's collection seems to have numbered some three thousand volumes—a library which Dugald Stewart could not help speaking of as "small" (for people bought books in those days), although he was kind enough to add that it was "excellent" and "formed with great judgment." It remained intact, although divided into two portions, until 1878-9. Since then many of the books have been sold and scattered, so that now Mr. Bonar is able to trace only about two-thirds of the original collection. These he has catalogued alphabetically; and he has beautified his pages, already more than comely, by the insertion of what at first sight look like liturgical rubrics. This would be odd, for no economist so far has founded a religion; although a sociologist, M. Comte, has tried to. The ruddy passages are a number of apt quotations from the great master, placed under the books of which he evidently made use. It is significant of many things that works on political economy and history make up only one-fifth of the whole, and that, while there are many French works among these, the only German books are translations from Adam Smith himself. To the catalogue proper have been added a facsimile of a very characteristic letter to his publisher, a ground-plan of his house at Kirkaldy, and an account of the various portraits of him, genuine and fictitious. In all probability many of the books sold in 1878 have reached America, among them, perhaps, Fleetwood's 'Chronicon Preciosum.' They can readily be identified by Smith's very plain bookplate, bearing merely his name in capitals; and librarians or private owners who come across any of them will do well to communicate with Mr. James Bonar at Bolton House, Hampstead, London.

—The second part of Dr. Hans Blum's 'Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit' (Munich: Beck; New York: Westermann), which has just appeared, completes the first volume of 524 pages, and gives an admirable survey of Bismarck's career as the representative of Prussia in the Frankfort Federal Diet from 1851 to 1853. The arrogant attitude of Austria towards the minor members of the Confederacy rendered Bismarck's position as ambassador of a rival German Power, aiming to maintain its independence as a sovereign state and to exercise its legitimate influence in the spheres of foreign and domestic politics, extremely difficult; but for this reason it was an excellent school for the development of his talent as a diplomatist. The Austrian ambassador, Count Thun, who was also the presiding officer of the Diet, was wont to smoke his cigar during official conferences with his colleagues, as a mark of his superior rank and dignity. Bismarck resolved not to tolerate this assumption, in which his predecessor, Rochow, had mildly acquiesced, and, at the first session in which this occurred, took out a cigar and politely asked the Count to give him a light. This apparently trivial incident excited mingled emotions of amazement and consternation in the souls of those who had hitherto tamely submitted to such imperiousness, and was, in fact, an event of no small significance. The protesting fumes of Bismarck's cigar preluded and prophesied the clouds of battle-smoke at Königgrätz under which Austria disappeared politically from Germany and thereby ceased to contest the hegemony of Prussia. The immediate effect of Bismarck's action was rather comical. For the next six months or more only the two great Powers, Austria and Prussia, smoked at the conferences. Finally Bavaria, in the person of Baron Schrenck, ventured to assert her claim to coequality by lighting a cigar, and her example was followed by Hanover, Saxony, and all the petty principalities except Hesse Darmstadt, who was not a smoker. Würtemberg was also unaccustomed to the use of the "weed," but she resolved to conquer her disgust in the vindication of her dignity, and one day drew out a cigar. ("I see it before me now," said Bismarck nearly twenty years later, "a long, thin, light-yellow thing, of the color of rye straw"), and with surly determination brought a burnt sacrifice in honor of the Suabian fatherland. The concluding chapter of the volume is devoted more particularly to a description of Bismarck's private and domestic life in Frankfort, with interesting extracts from letters to his wife during vacation excursions in Switzerland, Hungary, Holland, and the adjacent islands, and characteristic anecdotes, showing a quick and kindly sense of humor, which was so essential a quality of his mind that he could not suppress it even in official reports and state papers.

—The last number of the Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society contains, in its report of the Committee on the "Census of Hallucination," the solidest and heaviest piece of work which it has yet published; and if dryness and dulness can make a thing scientific, then these 400 pages are as scientific as the most fastidious intellect can desire. Stories of apparitions, however flesh-curdling they may be when told singly in the twilight, are terribly monotonous when cast into the form of printed depositions and taken in bulk. The Census of Hallucinations was, as is well known, an idea of the late Edmund Gurney, who thought that the proportion of frequency of apparitions-coinciding-with-deaths to other apparitions might decide whether the former were or were not something more than accidental coincidences. The present committee has had 17,000 persons interrogated as to whether they have had, when awake, etc., an hallucination or not. Of these, 1,684 answered yes, and the details of the experiences form a body of data which the committee go over and discuss in every possible way. As regards the main question, the committee's verdict is *tout ce qu'il y a de plus* affirmative. Their calculation of probability is based, for obvious reasons, on one sort of "veridical" phantasm, that, namely, in which on the day of a person's death a distinct visual hallucination of his presence appears to some one at a distance. Their statistical argument against chance is as follows: According to the registrar-general's report, 1 person in 19,000 dies daily in England. If there be no causal connection between apparitions and deaths, and if apparitions of persons strike persons at random (so to speak), being no more likely in advance to strike a dying one than a living one, we should expect them to strike the living 19,000 times more frequently than the dying, because living men are 19,000 times more frequent facts than dying men. In other words, the antecedent probability that a person will die on the day on which his apparition is seen is only 1 in 19,000. Now the figures of the returns give a much smaller fraction than this, even when corrected so as to be on the safe side of every objection that can be urged against their accuracy. They give, even with these corrections, 30 apparitions on the day of the death amid an aggregate of 1,300 apparitions of recognized living persons, being at the rate of 1 in 43, or 440 times the most probable chance number, of 1 in 19,000. In fact, since many of the apparitions seem to have occurred not merely on the day, but at the very hour, of the death, the improbability of the explanation by chance is really much greater than this figure. Disbelievers in occult causes cannot well attack the reasonings of the committee, which, by the way, is headed by Professor and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick. They will have to attack the premises, and say either that the narratives are so essentially inaccurate that no results can be pinned upon them, or else that the figures are still too small to reach a "law" by, and that the Census must be continued elsewhere. The American continuation of the Census is not yet published. Meanwhile, it is fair to say that this ponderous contribution to the subject has once for all redeemed the theory of an occult connection between apparitions and deaths from the status of a "superstition," and has captured for the "telepathic" hypothesis which the committee professes, the right to a patient and respectful hearing before the "scientific" bar.

—Something more than a common sorrow and the ordinary sense of loss will be felt at the news of the too early death of James Darmesteter, at Maisons-Laffitte on October 19. Not only will men of study and of thought lament the exact scholar and the close thinker that is gone, but a much wider class, who have been drawn to him by the charm that pervaded all his work, his love of beauty, his passion for truth, the spiritual ardor of his soul, will mourn the poet and the prophet in a much more personal and intimate way. There were in Darmesteter precious acquirements of scholarship and erudition, a severe and almost perfect method, great power of observation and classification, the eye and hand of the artist—but these seemed not more than external qualities in him. They seemed to be media through which he viewed the living and eternal questions that press upon mankind, or by means of which he expressed the thought that was in him. One can hardly read the noble introductory chapter of the 'Prophètes d'Israël' without the feeling that it is a Hebrew prophet that is

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speaking. He has been compared to Renan. The resemblance is not very unlike that between Erasmus and St. Paul. James Darmesteter was born in 1849, and after the most brilliant academic successes was made Doctor in Letters in 1877. He was a pupil of Bréal and of Bergaigne. In 1885 he was made professor at the Collège de France. In 1886 he was voyaging in Afghanistan, and acquired not only material for brilliant letters of travel, but also for his books on the 'Chants populaires des Afghans,' and on the 'Origines de la poésie persane.' In 1879 he published a poem in prose, 'La chute du Christ,' which was reprinted with an additional part and an epilogue in 1890. The 'Prophètes d'Israël' came out in 1892. He contributed largely also to the *Journal des Débats* and other French periodicals, and occasionally to the *Academy* in England and to the *Nation*. For the last year he has shared the direction of the *Revue de Paris* with M. Louis Ganderax, and has written repeatedly in it. It is proper also to mention that in 1888 he translated the English poems of Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, who, a little later, became his wife. All this, surely, is work enough to be the honor of a lifetime; but to those who have known James Darmesteter's work, his name, like that of his lamented brother Arsène, will always inspire the feeling of something unachieved in science, or literature, or moral and religious life, which would have been and which will never be.

## SPINOZA'S ETHIC.

*Ethic.* Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale Wright; translation revised by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A. (Edin.). Second edition, revised, with a new preface. Macmillan. 1894.

ALTHOUGH this purports to be only a second edition, yet as it has a new "preface" of over a hundred pages and the translation is improved and perfected, and as the book is immortal and ever fresh, our readers will be glad to have some account of the volume. Let us first lament that the work has to be translated at all. A scientific man may get along without German, a waiter in a restaurant without French, a traveller in the Levant without Italian, but a metaphysician without Latin never. Moreover, Spinoza's language is beautiful, and crammed with meaning that no version can convey. Then, too, a student of philosophy who does not know Latin cannot understand the older English writers, whose terminology is based on that of scholasticism—indeed, we may say he can have no accurate knowledge even of the less modern literary English. Needed, however, without doubt, however unhappily, the English version was; but we cannot help thinking that those who will read it would have been helped in mastering the thought if the original had been printed on the opposite pages. At the very least, the Latin of important phrases should have been added in parenthesis. For instance, the opening words are "By cause of itself, I understand," etc. Now, this expression, like many others of the treatise, is frequently quoted by philosophical writers, and almost invariably in the language of the original.

Spinoza, we need not say, is rated very high by all the idealist schools—that is to say, by all who go very deep into metaphysics; and he is without question one of the most, if not the most, difficult of such writers. His thought is so high and abstruse that nobody who has not reflected long and to good purpose can appreciate it. But that is not all, nor the worst of it. Paradoxical as it may seem, it may be maintained that none of the very great philosophers understand themselves. Crystal clearness, such as we justly require in mathematics, in law, in economics, is in philosophy the characteristic of the second-rates. The reason is that the strongest men are able to seize an all-important conception long before the progress of analysis has rendered it possible to free it from obscurities and difficulties. If Kant had waited, before he wrote the 'Critic of the Pure Reason,' until the ideas with which it chiefly deals had been accurately dissected, he might, had he lived, have been pottering over it to-day. But of Spinoza this is true in a much higher degree. Not only has he not mastered an altogether distinct apprehension of his own thought, but he has a positively mistaken view of it. He thinks that he reasons after the style of Euclid, and perhaps there is some truth in that; but he thinks that his reasoning has the form which Euclid understood his own to have, and that is a complete delusion. This apparatus of Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, Problems, and Theorems is in geometry itself merely a veil over the living thought. Hence it is that Euclid's manifold slips in logic have scarce cast a shadow of doubt over the substantial truth of his propositions. The history of mathematics justifies the presumption that just in proportion to the importance of a theorem is the demonstration of it likely to be fallacious—or, at least, it would be so were the proposition stated in the absolute style of Euclid. Thus, the fruitfulness of Cauchy's work is intimately connected with its logical inaccuracy. Dirichlet's principle, which powerfully aided the development of modern mathematics, is well known to be logically unsound; and much of the foundations of the theory of functions which has never been called in question—even, for example, the passage from one branch of a function to another—cannot sustain cross-examination.

Some mathematical results, doubtless, could have been worked out with Babbage's analytical engine; but did anybody ever suppose that the subject could at all be really advanced by such a machine? Yet the current notion is that syllogistic reasoning is wholly mechanical, and that mathematics proceeds by syllogistic reasoning. Neither proposition is true. Even syllogistic reasoning in its higher varieties as they appear in the logic of relatives, requires a living act of choice based on discernment, beyond the powers of any conceivable machine; and this sufficiently refutes the idea that man is a mere mechanical automaton endowed with an idle consciousness. Moreover, the real procedure of mathematical thought is not merely syllogistic even in this loftier sense. Mathematical thought advances chiefly by generalization; and the generalized conclusions are made rigorously logical by the device of correspondingly generalizing the premises. But mathematical generalization is not the infantile process which the logic-books describe; for they think of no relations between individuals except those which consist in those individuals having common simple predicates. Let the predicates be relational, and generalization means organization, or the building up of an ideal system. Mathematical reasoning consists in thinking how things already remarked may be conceived as making a part of a hitherto unremarked system, especially by means of the introduction of the hypothesis of continuity where no continuity had hitherto been thought of.

It is difficult to find an illustration of these assertions suited to our columns, because it would need to embrace a whole sequence of theorems—such a sequence as mathematicians term a "theory." Nevertheless, we will essay it. Euclid, or rather pre-Euclidean geometers, easily saw that the three angles of a plane triangle added up, very nearly at least, to two right angles, while those of a triangle drawn on a level (and therefore spherical) surface were greater. The question therefore arose: Are they exactly 180° in the former case? They drew a triangle with a horizontal base and a higher vertex. From the left-hand angle they drew a line bisecting the opposite side, and then conceived this line to be doubled. They assumed that the right-hand extremity of this doubled line would be higher than the base of the triangle. There was no logical proof of it. They knew it would not always be so upon a sphere. To assume it to be so was therefore to beg the very question at issue, namely, whether a triangle on a plane was like a triangle on a level (and therefore spherical) surface, or not. Syllogistically, it was illogical. Considered as mathematics, it was merely the ordinary procedure whereby something is added to the original hypothesis. Considered as physics, it was quite unjustifiable to assume that their idea of space corresponded precisely to the space of the real world.

Here is a better example: Boole discovered that if he simply assumed 1 to signify what is, and 0 what is not (and any other two numbers would have equally answered the purpose), he could without any further assumption express the premises of a syllogism as two equations from which, by ordinary algebraical rules, the conclusion could be deduced. This was a genuine, living thought, and as such is quite beyond the appreciation of seminary logicians. Its value consisted in its bringing the conceptions of being and nothing into relation with the system of numbers, and especially exhibiting them as the mere punctual terminations of the continuous quantity between them. This last part of the idea coincides with that of Hegel's Becoming, though this latter, besides its inconvenient lugging in of Time, is less useful as being less diagrammatic. However, Hegel's reasoning and Boole's were essentially the same, and this was nothing but an example of the ordinary mathematical proceeding. Boole's form of statement can easily be made a theorem, and can be furnished with a demonstration of the usual degree of irrefragability, or the reverse, as you will. But such demonstration completely overlooks all that there was of life and of value in the thinking.

All this is eminently pertinent to Spinoza. It is more than pertinent—it is indispensable to the comprehension of him. His 'Ethics' (which these translators call "ethic," following the ignorant corruption of *ethica* from a neuter plural to a feminine singular) is likewise drawn up in theorems, with demonstrations which have always furnished a laughing-stock to mathematicians. But you must penetrate beneath these if you would enter the living stream of Spinoza's thinking. You then find that he is engaged in a somewhat mathematical style in developing a conception of the absolute, strikingly analogous to the metrical absolute of the mathematicians. He thus appears as a mathematical thinker, not in the really futile, formal way in which he and his followers conceived him to be, but intrinsically, in a lofty, living, and valuable sense. But whether or not this ideal absolute which he brings us to conceive has anything at all in the

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real world corresponding to it, is a problem which simple thinking cannot solve. That must be brought somehow to the bar of experience, or remain a pure ideal. Yet, even so, it would not do to assume the speculation to be useless; for one might by the same reason conclude mathematics useless, that being only the study of ideal constructions. Spinoza himself of course reposed in childlike faith in the objective truth of his ideas. The 'Ethics' was written in the midst of those discussions about the principles of dynamics which for many years occupied the attention of the whole learned world, and which were brought to a conclusion in Newton's 'Principia.'

Now these discussions related to matter of fact; and yet their method invariably was to develop the writer's instinctive notions. Thus, Galileo, seeing that a falling body evidently falls faster and faster, only stops a moment to show that there would be serious difficulties in the way of supposing the velocity to be proportional to the distance fallen from rest, and then at once adopts the correct idea that the incremental velocity is proportional to the time that increment occupied. Spinoza's reasoning is precisely of the same nature. But what he and all his school fail to remark is, that the conclusions of the students of mechanics are sure to be brought to the test of experiment in various ways and without any public remark, unless the experiments fail. It is just that quiet verification that makes all the difference in the world. A hypothesis of any kind has no positive support until it has predicted something capable of being observed and that prediction has been verified. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that as soon as they had learned to introduce the idea of continuity, a very considerable proportion of the instinctive ideas of students about forces turned out to be just, and the rest needed only slight correction.

Spinoza's ideas are eminently ideas to affect human conduct. If, in accordance with the recommendation of Jesus, we are to judge of ethical doctrines and of philosophy in general by its practical fruits, we cannot but consider Spinoza as a very weighty authority; for probably no writer of modern times has so much determined men towards an elevated mode of life. Although his doctrine contains many things which are distinctly unchristian, yet they are unchristian rather intellectually than practically. In part, at least, Spinozism is, after all, a special development of Christianity; and the practical upshot of it is decidedly more Christian than that of any current system of theology.

There are at least three good translations of the 'Ethics' into English—that of R. Willis, M.D., affixed to his interesting Life of Spinoza (Trübner, 1870); that of Daniel Drake Smith, published separately (Van Nostrand, 1876); and the present one, which originally appeared in Trübner's "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." The latest is distinctly the best of the three translations. None of them prints the Latin. The long "Preface" is occupied chiefly with an analysis of the development in Spinoza's mind of the doctrine of the 'Ethics' as shown in his earlier work, 'A Short Treatise upon God and Man's Well Being,' and in his correspondence. This is interesting and throws some light upon the doctrine itself. There is no really thorough book about Spinoza in our language, though there are several that contain much that is valuable, especially those of Frederick Pollock and of Caird. The best edition of his works is by Van Vloten and Land (The Hague, 1883). In regard to the relation of Spinoza to the philosophers who went before him, much has been done in special directions, one writer urging his indebtedness to Descartes, another that to scholasticism, a third that to the Jewish philosophy, a fourth that to Giordano Bruno. But no really good comprehensive view has ever been published; nor, singularly enough, has anybody remarked, as far as we are aware, the very obvious indebtedness of Spinoza to Hobbes, to whose wooden mechanicalism he was naturally inclined.

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*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1894.

Of all books of travel that have appeared during the twelvemonth, this sixty-year old classic ought to be read with the greatest avidity by Americans, for it is history in its most taking form. The style is that of a bright, cultivated Englishwoman, with a "conscious incapacity for description," but with a very unusual capacity for it, nevertheless. She writes not from memory but from notes made on the spot, and with a manifest desire to be moderate and truthful. She oversteps her theme (*pace* Prof. Peck, who writes an introduction to this reprint); and whenever she does so to express her views of an established church, government by the few, the American Constitution, and our political institutions generally, she is less edifying if no less entertaining. By exception, on the subject of slavery, which might be classed either as domestic or political, she speaks admirably and without the least exaggeration. But in this, and in all other particulars save readability, she is (*pace* Mr. Peck again) inferior to her more powerful-minded successor, Miss Martineau, whose stay, though briefer, was vastly more profitable, if only because of the greater scope of her observation. Mrs. Trollope saw nothing of New England, and no place so long and so continuously as Cincinnati. She entered the country by the dreariest of back-doors, the mouth of the Mississippi, and made the ascent of that river by way of Memphis to the Ohio city, already a pork shambles. Her affairs did not prosper; she constantly encountered the anti-British spirit revived by the recent war of 1812, and intensified by the newly published work on America of Capt. Basil Hall; she contrasted the crudities, excesses, ill-breeding, discomforts of a frontier civilization with the polished society she had left behind her; she had some just cause for personal resentment, and she could not resist the temptation to hold up to the world (including the United States) the cant and conceit and thin-skinnedness of this people.

No wonder that she brought down upon herself the abuse heaped upon Capt. Hall. Yet nothing is clearer than that she would fain have praised. Compare her delight in Washington with Bacourt's loathing for it ten years later, and you perceive that she was helped to overlook its really shabby condition by her sense that the lines had been laid for a magnificent future metropolis. The self-satisfaction displayed in the secretary of state's office at the obvious superiority of a gold or silver box destined for Russia, with the American seal enclosed, to those received from our European allies, pleased her as foretokening a time when America would "give a fair portion of her attention to the arts and the graces that embellish life." She admits the beauty of our men and women, though she cannot admire their carriage or their gait or their motions in the dance. She raves over our flowers and our scenery. She draws the line at tobacco-chewing and spitting, shirt sleeves in court and at the theatre, heels on table or on the window-sill, vulgar familiarity towards all ranks, revival and camp-meeting religiosity, and so on. She reports both what she sees and what she is told, and as an observer few would now deny that she was honest and trustworthy. When she could not bring herself to discover a great actor in Forrest, and relates that she was advised not to "state it freely in America, 'for they would not bear it,'" we judge her veracity by the subsequent Astor Place riot against Macready. On the other hand, that she is not merely reserving her applause for her countrymen on the American stage will appear by comparing her appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Drake at Cincinnati with that, equally laudatory, of the late E. D. Mansfield in his 'Personal Memories' (1879), from which work we will quote a passage on another subject (p. 187). He is speaking of a large party:

"There was no regular set supper-table. But, as was customary at that day, there were in the back rooms tables for gentlemen, covered with the most solid dishes of meat and game, while the waiters carried to the ladies the best of cakes and confections, with whatever else they desired. With them remained the young gentlemen, who had then even more gallantry than they have now in commending themselves to the graces of the ladies. But with the old, sedate, and unfashionable gentlemen the back room was the charm. There stood the tables, with ham and beef, and venison, turkey, and quail, with bottles of brandy and wine, and there were cards for those who wanted to kill time."

Here is Mrs. Trollope's more lively account of the same custom in the same city at the same date, reinforced with a lithographic picture suggested by her own pencil (i., p. 214):

"The arrangements for the supper were very singular, but eminently characteristic of the country. The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment spread for them in another large room of the hotel, while the poor ladies had each a plate put into their hands, as they pensively promenaded the ball room during their absence; and shortly afterwards servants appeared bearing trays of sweetmeats, cakes, and creams. The fair creatures then sat down on a row of chairs placed round the walls, and, each making a table of her knees, began eating her sweet but sad and sulky repast. The effect was extremely comic; their gala dresses and the decorated room forming a contrast the most unaccountable with their uncomfortable and forlorn condition.

"This arrangement was owing neither to economy nor want of a room large enough to accommodate the whole party, but purely because the gentlemen liked it better. This was the answer given me when my curiosity tempted me to ask why the ladies and gentlemen did not sup together. . . ."

The separation of the sexes struck our British critic very painfully. Again and again she refers to it as making domestic life dreary through the suppression of conversation. Her instances of false delicacy and prudery, growing out of this are more incredible now than anything else in her narrative; and altogether we are helped to an understanding of the boldness of her transatlantic voyager, Frances Wright (Mr. Peck seems to know no more about this historic lady than what he finds in our author), in lecturing publicly to mixed audiences, and of the scandal caused by it, as later by the anti-slavery addresses of the Grimké sisters, and by the abolitionists ignoring sex in making up committees. This prudery was to be met with on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, and Mrs. Trollope records a manifestation of it on the borders of the Potomac:

"I once saw," she says, "a young lady who, when seated at table between a male and a female, was induced by her modesty to intrude on the chair of her female neighbor to avoid

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the indelicacy of touching the elbow of a *man*. I once saw this very [same] young lady lacing her stays with the most perfect composure before a negro footman."

She cites this as an example of the Southerners' "habitual indifference to the presence of their slaves," and adds another confirmatory anecdote:

"A Virginian gentleman told me that, ever since he had been married, he had been accustomed to have a negro girl sleep in the same chamber with himself and his wife. I asked for what purpose this nocturnal attendance was necessary? 'Good heaven!' was the reply, 'if I wanted a glass of water during the night, what would become of me?'"

A dog that would fetch and carry would evidently have been as little obtrusive in that chamber, and the theory of slavery of course classed the blacks with the lower animals. This theory survives to-day in the bizarre statutes making intermarriage between white and black Americans a penal offence—untempered in accordance with the shades introduced among the slaves themselves by the amalgamating practices of their former masters.

Matters like these are not touched upon in our histories, great or small. For this reason, and because Mrs. Trollope's reflections have still a salutary lesson for us, we can but be thankful to the publishers for enabling the present generation to learn by indirection something about the development of American manners and character in our dark ages. We have but one fault to find with them, and that is that they do not admonish the reader that the asterisks which occasionally separate paragraphs are found in the original edition of 1832, and do not indicate suppressions.

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*Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.* By Lafcadio Hearn. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

THE author of these volumes is well known as the acute and sympathetic student of the varied races of the countries bordering the Mexican Gulf. His collection of "Gumbo" or mixed-dialect proverbs and descriptive sketches of the people of Louisiana and the West Indies, showed him to be the possessor of an exuberant, almost rank, vocabulary, and a literary style that suggested rather what burst forth from the wine-press than wine mellowed by time. His excursions into distant regions of thought resulted in interesting, but, on the whole, unsatisfactory, booklets, such as 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literature,' 'Some Chinese Ghosts,' etc. Fascinated by the comparatively new field of what may be called Shinto Japan, he entered the country about four years ago, resolved to see those phases of Japanese life which are fast vanishing away. Living among a people so simple in their tastes and habits as the rural Japanese, Mr. Hearn, who suggests the literary chameleon, has absorbed the form and color of his environment. One who has read his former writings cannot but be struck at once with the subdued coloring, the refined simplicity, which have now become his habit. The former rankness is no more. One who feasts upon his book on Japan does not need, as it were, so large a napkin to wipe his lips after enjoying the good things. Between a mango, or that kind of an orange which requires finger-bowls of liberal size, and the delicate "kid-glove orange" of Japan, which one can eat without soiling the finger-tips, there is the same suggestion of difference as between Mr. Hearn's former writings and those now before us.

In one respect these volumes, by their contribution of knowledge and philosophy, mark a distinct point of progress in our acquaintance, through books, with the Japanese. While the Americans, Brown and Hepburn, first, by grammar and lexicon, blazed the way through the Japanese language, and that splendid trio of English students, Satow, Aston, and Chamberlain, with the helpful reinforcement of Lowder, McClatchie, Mounsey, Hawes, Gubbins, and Bramsen, opened Japanese chronology, history, archæology, and literature to our view, and Miss Bird—a typical name amid a host of travellers—spied out the land and brought back reports, it may be said that the psychological study of the Japanese has been chiefly the work of the Americans Lyman, Lowell, and, last and best of all, Mr. Hearn.

One will find in these volumes descriptions of travel, wonderful accounts of famous temples and neighborhoods, charming stories of personal experience, and not a few pictures which, by their marvellous accuracy and sympathetic touch, recall the natural wonders of the sea-girt Islands of the Sun; but, beyond and above those things which the skilled traveller and literary artist transfers to his pages, Mr. Hearn has succeeded in photographing, as it were, the Japanese soul. There seems to be something in his own physical and intellectual make-up that renders him sensitive on all sides to what is peculiar in the Japanese character. In studying the paintings of Wirgman, La Farge, Wores, Parsons, and other artists who have seen or dreamed in Japan, one sees faithful transcripts or ideal conceptions of Japanese life. But no other artist, paint he in words or in pigments, has so thoroughly succeeded in catching and fixing those Japanese traits which are so elusive, yet so ingrained and innate. In illustration of our thesis, one need but read the profoundly philosophical paper entitled "The Japanese Smile." Somehow or other, the author has been able to divest himself alike of conventional garments and atmosphere, and to see through a nearly unrefracting and achromatic medium. It is difficult for most persons who have no quarrel with either Christianity or with civilization to do this; and it may possibly be that the author's voluntary separation from what we call civilization, and his openly professed and radical rejection of Christianity, may have given him powers which suggest those of an especially sensitive plate which photographs the invisible. Like the man who purposely goes down into a deep well, or looks up through the colossal factory chimney, Mr. Hearn seems to be able to read in the Japanese sky what the average man, blinded by the glare of light, cannot discover.

Of the twenty-seven sketches in his book, ten have appeared in American periodicals; the remainder, forming the bulk of the work, is new. His chapters, except two or three at the beginning, which record his first keen impressions of things familiar to the tourist who lands at Yokohama, reflect the aspects of life and thought in one of the least-known portions of Japan. Over the largest part of the area of the empire Buddhism rules, and not only the ordinary resident, but even the scholar and student dwelling in Eastern Japan or at the open ports, is very apt to suppose that what he sees around him is, in general, a copy of what prevails all over the archipelago. On the contrary, Mr. Hearn shows conclusively that in the southwestern part of the main island Buddhism, despite its nearly sixteen centuries' stay in Japan, has had comparatively little success, whether we judge its missionary triumph by the parable of the mustard seed or the parable of the leaven. The Kojiki, or book of ethnic traditions of the Japanese, shows that Idzumo was the centre of the second of the three great cycles of legend and tradition which the higher criticism applied to the Japanese "Bible" has made plain. This region illustrates especially the origins of those tribes that had already reached a comparatively high grade of civilization when the Yamato immigrants, out of whose polity grew the Mikado-system, appeared on the scene. In Idzumo and the surrounding regions are the sacred ancestral seats of those men, now worshipped as gods, whose long and sonorous names are more easy to read from the printed page than to pronounce in common conversation. These names, which Mr. Hearn courageously prints for us, seem to justify that time and breath-saving invention of the Chinese phonetic system, and make us cease to wonder why the terse Chinese vocabulary, after having long ago supplanted the long-winded Japanese terms, is still so popular in Japan. In this region the old Kami-no-Michi, or Way of the Gods, later called Shintō, still holds its own, apparently intractable to and incoercible by Buddhism; and here still survive the immemorial customs which are unknown or are vanishing elsewhere. To have described these so well, to have penetrated into their innermost meaning, and to have set forth his thoughts and reflections so fascinatingly, is a notable literary triumph. With many of Mr. Hearn's conclusions the more sober student who looks around the whole subject and takes in all the considerations will not agree; but even in disagreement he will be thankful for the patient observation, clear insight, and rhetorical skill of the author. The book has no illustrations, but there is a good index.

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*The Sounds and Inflexions of the Greek Dialects:* Ionic. By Herbert Weir Smyth. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1894.

THE great treatise of Ahrens on the Doric dialect was published in 1839, the treatise on the Aeolic dialect in 1843; but in the fifty-odd years that have elapsed since then there has been no attempt to match these famous works by a comprehensive manual of the Ionic dialect—that form of speech which served as the medium of communication between the sons of Javan and their eastern neighbors, which dominates the song of Homer, which adds a special charm to the limpid flow of Herodotus's "Setting Forth of Investigation." True, much has been written on the Homeric dialect; reputations have been made and lost on the slippery field of the language of Herodotus; something has been done here and there for the inscriptions; we have had an article or two on the sham Ionic of a later period; but it has been reserved for an American scholar, fitted for his arduous task by long years of special study as a dialectologist, to give the world a book on the Ionic dialect which, by fulness of detail, by command of the documents, by painstaking research, by acuteness and suggestiveness, deserves to rank with the most memorable achievements of the closing century in the domain of Greek studies.

There are naturally few who can judge the stately volume of nearly seven hundred pages in all its myriad statements of facts and in all its solutions of complicated problems; but no man who has any claim to be a Grecian is wholly unacquainted with the enormous difficulties

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that beset such a task as Prof. Smyth has absolved to the lasting honor of American scholarship. Whatever errors criticism may discover in the vast array of statements, whatever objections may be raised to some of the conclusions reached, Prof. Smyth has laid the foundations on which future students must be content to build. There is no room for the faint praise, *magnis tamen excidit ausis*. The author has won the right to enter upon "the legacy of opportunity," as he calls the unfinished work of Ahrens. One would have thought that in all these years some German would have arisen to do the work, but the great drawback has been the imperfect state of the material—a drawback greater even than the lack of special investigations, of which also Prof. Smyth justly complains. Large masses of the grammatical treatises of the early century are nearly worthless because the results repose on untrustworthy texts; and though our school-books are still full of false citations and doctored passages, those who are not mere manufacturers of merchantable manuals, those who are true scholars, know how important it is to put every statement to the most severe test. And in respect to the Ionic dialect this is not always possible because so much of Ionic literature is still inadequately edited. Still, to wait until it had all been tried in the critical furnace would have been to postpone the task another fifty years; and it is evident that the publication of Prof. Smyth's work is well calculated to hasten the good time and bring the study nearer to ideal completeness.

For obvious reasons it is impossible to give in these columns an analysis of the more technical part of the work, the treatment of accent, of the vowel system, of the consonantal system, of the declensions and conjugations. These subjects make up the great bulk of the book, and, interesting and important as they are to scholars, withdraw themselves from consideration in a journal that is not technically philological. But preface and introduction present a number of points that are of salient interest, and of these some specimens may be given so as to relieve this notice of the charge of mere vague laudation.

In the preface, Prof. Smyth tells us that he has attempted to combine the philological and linguistic methods. The philological method "seeks to determine, on the basis of tradition, the forms proper to the dialect of each author, the place occupied by him in the history of the dialect, the interrelation of the various connected styles of literary composition, and the connection between the language of artistic construction and the language of the public and private documents preserved in the inscriptions." In treating the forms as purely linguistic phenomena, Prof. Smyth has made no systematic attempt to write a comparative grammar from the point of view of Ionic, or to trace the forms back to the pre-Hellenic stage. The comparison is made throughout with other dialects, especially Attic, and the restriction seems to be wise.

In the introduction, Prof. Smyth deals with the sources of the investigation and the geographical and chronological divisions of Ionic, its great home in Miletus, its dominant position in the early centuries of Greek literature. An important chapter is devoted to the Ionic element in the language of Homer, "that highly artificial product" which baffles the attempt to make "a definitive demarcation between [its] dialectal affinities," and which Prof. Smyth finally resigns himself to call "in greater or less degree an Aiolized Ionic," reserving his proof for a later volume. Another chapter is given up to the relation of Old Attic to Ionic, in which the view is maintained that Attic and Ionic are, with all their correspondences, essentially separate and individual dialects—a view which necessarily brings about a conflict with Mr. Rutherford's well-known theory as to the identity of Old Attic and Ionic. The Ionisms of tragedy are not survivals of the Old Attic speech. They are due to the Greek law of conservation that holds each department to the dialect in which it started, so that the Ionisms of tragedy have their source in the Ionisms of iambic poetry. The history of Herodotus, says Prof. Smyth, "was originally composed, not in the pure Milesian dialect as spoken in ordinary life by the Milesians of the fifth century, but in an ennobled form of the Milesian dialect, which, gradually perfected by the predecessors of Herodotus, had received under the hands of the historian an impress due to the peculiar virtue of his genius." As the narrative rises to epic heights Homeric strains are heard, just as, in English, Biblical reminiscences are possible wherever the theme ascends, and that without destroying the essentially modern character of the composition. The practical effect of this theory, if applied to the text of Herodotus, would be to "leave undisturbed the greater part of the dialect," the chief trouble being with the open form of the pure verbs, notably those in *-εω*, which postulates that the historian "deliberately resuscitated an entire system of inflection that had passed out of actual speech nearly a century before his time, an inflection which is not the inflection found in iambic and elegiac poetry." Of course, this seems very unnatural, but it may be remarked that in this whole domain the range of possibilities is very much widened by the study of what modern writers in dialect find perfectly feasible.

The uncritical character of the editions of Hippocrates bars a thorough examination of his dialect, but one point is emphasized, that the criterion of dialect does not enable us to detect traces of spuriousness, and that there is no considerable diminution of Ionism in the treatises which criticism has assigned to a later period. A curious chapter deals with the revival of the Ionic dialect under the Empire, a revival which became crass in the time of the Greek Renascence under Hadrian. This study of Ionism, leading now to the transposition of Ionic into Attic, now to the hyper-Ionizing of Ionic texts, was a serious disadvantage to the tradition of the Ionic of the fifth century B. C., with which we are most concerned.

These are only a few of the most important subjects handled in Prof. Smyth's introduction, but they may suffice to show the variety of his themes and the reach of his views. That Prof. Smyth does not always force conviction, that his minute knowledge and his fairness of mind do not allow him to dogmatize throughout, is a trouble that is inherent in the character of the work. To be cocksure of everything in the study of dialect would be to forfeit confidence in everything. What has been accomplished in this volume quickens our eagerness for those that are to follow, especially as the author has promised to enlarge on the artistic significance of dialect. And of this artistic significance, this spiritual meaning of the whole study, Prof. Smyth has given us glimpses here and there which show very plainly that erudition has not quelled in him, but only quickened, the appreciation of the beautiful.

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*The Voyage from Lisbon to India*, 1505-'6; Being an Account and Journal by Albericus Vespuccius. Translated from the contemporary Flemish and edited with prologue and notes by C. H. Coote. London: B. F. Stevens. 1894.

Not very long ago a little black-letter pictorial quarto in Flemish, which for nearly forty years had rested unnoticed in the British Museum, was brought to the attention of scholars in the belief that it chronicled a hitherto unknown voyage to the East Indies made by Vespucci. A little later another copy of the same tract, printed, like the other, at Antwerp in December, 1508 (or so purporting), was discovered in Holland, and by and by found a resting-place on the shelves of the Carter-Brown Library in Providence. The British Museum copy has now been reproduced in facsimile, with translation, comment, and annotation. The editing is combative in spirit, to enforce confidence in a narrative which traverses the notions usually entertained about the chronology of the life of the navigator. A curious tissue of assumptions is put forth as proofs, and the editor's want of caution is apparent before he gets to his subject. He asserts, for instance, in his opening paragraphs, that only two copies of the tract are "extant." His proof is that only two are *known* to be extant. He then alleges, because of the watermarks, that the British Museum copy is "a genuine specimen of the Antwerp press of the first decade of the sixteenth century." His evidence proves the paper and not the printing to be of that age—an important defect when the authenticity of the book has been called in question.

The whole case for Vespuccius depends on this sentence, as translated by the editor: "My friend Lorenzo: I, Albericus, did write to you aforetime about my voyages to the new lands in general; now I am writing to you a true account thereof from point to point." Upon this it is assumed that the Lorenzo indicated is the Lorenzo di Pier Francisco de' Medici, and the Albericus, the Vespucci of another well-known correspondence relating to American voyages. The editor's inference may be true, but by no law of evidence is coincidence the same as identity.

The narrative gives the date of 1500 for the voyage, and it is assumed that this is an error for 1505. This change is warranted, in the editor's opinion, because he "was unable to square it with any of the known letters of Vespucci, or any of the early voyages to India of the Portuguese, which cover this period." This means that the editor preferred to make the narrative "square" with the known voyage of Almeida in 1505-6, rather than combat the evidence against the unchanged date of 1500. His proof of the validity of his change of date is that certain incidents in recognized accounts of Almeida's voyage correspond to passages in the new text; and he has no hesitancy in accepting this as evidence when he is dealing with the narrative of a man who, in his own day and since, has been notorious, to use the editor's own language, for "raising perplexing questions of uncertain chronology."

To meet the inevitable answer, that accepted statements prove an alibi for Vespucci at the time of this alleged voyage of 1505-6, he asserts that "adverse *facts* and dates" are nothing to him, since it is no object of his "to reconcile all the well-known chronological difficulties of the Vespucci question." One wonders, then, why the editing of this narrative was not left to some one who recognized the proper function of an annotator of a disputed narrative. What Mr. Coote conceives

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to be "the only reasonable and tenable position" for such an editor is to avoid the issue. This position is taken on the rather singular ground that if the 'Cosmographiæ Introductio' and other printed books of the time prove an alibi for Vespucci, they are no better authorities than the new narrative. Accordingly, he prefers to believe the new view rather than to test its authenticity. Suppose the statement of the equal value of this resuscitated text be true—and we have no disposition to dispute it—it leaves the other evidence still in the way, and does nothing to establish a reconcilement of conflicting views. The counter-evidence, which the editor thus cavalierly neglects, is such as to induce Mr. Markham, in a recent volume published by the Hakluyt Society, to pronounce the unearthed tract to be "spurious" and a "fabrication." This distinguished authority believes that an alibi for Vespucci is proved whether the date is put at 1500–1 or 1505–6. It may be that statements counter to the editor's belief are false—as much of the tale-telling of Vespuccius is easily shown to be—but the question of their truth or untruth is not answered by declining to consider it.

The editor is once again amusingly inconsequential when he comes to speak of the Portuguese origin of a portion of the Ruysch map of 1508, because two names which it bears on the coasts of Africa and Asia correspond to names in the new text. This causes the assumption that the map in these eastern regions is "undoubtedly Vespuccian," ruling out all possibility of a prototype of both Ruysch and the new text. He, however, shows for once an unwonted reservation of belief when he says that a map seen by the editor of the 1508 Ptolemy was "probably" no other than one made by Vespucci.

Mr. Coote sums up thus:

> "Future researches in early sixteenth-century bibliography and among MSS. may possibly bring to light new evidence respecting the text of our voyage. In the meantime, we venture to affirm that henceforth no recognized authority on Vespucci's writings will have the courage to eliminate from the Vespuccian canon this long lost specimen of the Antwerp press of 1508.

We confess to a suspicion that it requires still more courage, if not hardihood, to face the probability of an overthrow of such hazardous deductions as our editor makes. We may add, in conclusion, that it is rather curious, if not instructive, that the early detractors of Vespucci did not score him for this narrative as they did for others. Was it that these contemporaries never heard of this bantling of the Flemish press, or that for once they recognized that Vespucci told the truth?

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*Wealth against Commonwealth.* By Henry Demarest Lloyd. Harper & Bros. 1894.

THIS book is a notable example of the rhetorical blunder of over-statement. It was clearly established in 1879, by the investigation of the committee of the New York Assembly known as the Hepburn committee, that agreements had been made between the Standard Oil Company and some of the trunk lines of railway which explicitly provided that the oil company should obtain transportation at less rates than any of its competitors. Other agreements of equally unjust and illegal character were disclosed by this investigation and by subsequent ones, and a temperate and judicial statement of the evidence would have constituted a most damaging indictment. But instead of this, we have over 500 octavo pages of the wildest rant. Much learning of the Standard Oil Company has made Mr. Lloyd mad. He raves more coherently at some times than at others; but he is never perfectly sane. Even in his lucid intervals it is evident that some deep disturbing thought is at work in his brain, and that the very mention of oil will bring on an explosion. He sees the emissaries of the Standard Company lurking behind every bush. He declares, and evidently believes, that the managers of this concern have seduced or imposed upon the Czar of Russia and have influenced the action of the British Parliament. They have nearly compassed the monopoly of the light-producing substances of this globe, and we doubt if Mr. Lloyd feels that the human race is altogether secure in the possession of sunlight.

In the consummation of this monopoly no arts have been too base, no methods too criminal, for the Standard Oil Company. Their iniquitous contracts with the railroads have been already referred to, but these are only a part of a gigantic scheme of oppression and extermination. It is a policy of "Thorough." No rival in the production of refined oil is to be permitted to exist. If tribute is paid, refiners who are not members of the company may be allowed to carry on business; but if they persist in asserting their independence, they are to be ruined. If they cannot be ruined by unfair freight charges, or by reducing prices, their employees are corrupted and seduced; and if all other measures fail, their factories are set on fire or blown up. In the pursuit of their infamous ends, the Standard Oil magnates have exhibited the most diabolical malignity and the most infernal persistency. Our Legislatures and our Congress are controlled or baffled, our judges are corrupted or imposed upon, our newspapers are bought. Occasionally some oil-producers or refiners have combined to oppose this frightful despotism, but these combinations have failed. When they have not been broken down by competition, they have been broken up by treachery; for the Standard Oil Company appears to have found that the leaders in these patriotic uprisings are not all of austere integrity.

If we examine the particulars of the case presented by Mr. Lloyd, we find a number of them to be supported by questionable evidence. It is in the first place a very suspicious circumstance that Mr. Lloyd never mentions the names of the individuals whose conduct he denounces. Some of them he enables us to identify by his insinuations, but this indirect method of attack arouses our distrust. We find ourselves wondering if Mr. Lloyd stands in fear of the penalties for libel, for it is hard to understand why, if he does not, he should have abstained from the use of a most formidable weapon. It is easy and it is idle to denounce a corporation; but if a wrongful act has been committed, it must have been committed by human beings, and to suppress their names is to make condemnation ineffective. In the second place, Mr. Lloyd calls witnesses without discrimination. Some of them are crack-brained, by his own admission. Some of them testify that they were bribed to commit arson and other crimes by the mysterious leaders of the Standard Oil Company. A dog would not be hung upon such evidence. Nor can Mr. Lloyd's citations of the testimony of reputable witnesses be allowed much weight, for he is so bitter in his advocacy that it would be grossly unfair to pass judgment upon his ex-parte statement. It would be like deciding a case after hearing only the address to the jury of the plaintiff's attorney.

Upon the whole, Mr. Lloyd's book is eminently calculated to arouse incredulity in the mind of any reader who understands the nature of evidence. Were we not satisfied from evidence *aliunde* that the managers of the Standard Oil Company had violated both law and justice in their attempts to suppress competition, we should be inclined to acquit them after reading this screed. It is quite beyond belief that these men should be capable of the height and depth of wickedness attributed to them, even if they possessed the superhuman powers with which they are credited. It is plain upon Mr. Lloyd's showing that their competitors would be no better than they if they had similar opportunities, and it is impossible to arouse sympathy for men whose complaint is that they were not allowed to make enormous profits; for it appears to have been the policy of the Standard Company to buy out its rivals at reasonable rates.

It naturally occurs to the reader, as he sees it maintained that the people are absolutely at the mercy of this great monopoly, that it will be difficult to devise a remedy. If the people cannot choose legislators and judges who are incorruptible, it seems that there is no resource left. Socialism, however, Mr. Lloyd avers, will cure our ills, and he draws a comparison between the horrors of the present competitive régime and the beauties of the future Altruria. We do not find Mr. Lloyd's ideal attractive. He appears to us to exhibit in his writing such indifference to truth, such incoherency of thought, such intemperance of speech, and such violence of passion, as to make him an undesirable leader. If reform can be had only through such reformers, it is better to endure our present ills. As to the Standard Oil Company, its history remains to be written, and the economic situation which it indicates remains to be described. No episode in economic history better deserves treatment by a competent investigator, and no situation more requires calm and dispassionate consideration.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ackerman, A. W. The Price of Peace: A Story of the Times of Ahab. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Aldrich, T. B. Unguarded Gates, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Arrowsmith, Prof. Robert, and Whicher, G. M. First Latin Readings. American Book Co. $1.25.

Austen, Jane: Pride and Prejudice. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. New York: Macmillan; Boston: George Allen. $2.25.

Bikélas, Demetrios. Tales from the Ægean. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.

Bird, H. E. Steinitz and Lasker Match, with Comments, Review and Original Notes. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 35 cents.

Biscuits and Dried Beef: A Panacea. Milwaukee: *Young Churchman* Co.

Bradshaw, John. A Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $4.

Browning, Robert. Asolando. [Vol. XVII. of Poetical Works.] Macmillan. $1.50.

Burroughs, John. Riverby. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Patriot Schoolmaster. Illustrated. Appletons. $1.50.

Cheiro's Language of the Hand. New York, 432 Fifth Avenue: The Author. $2.

Children of Circumstance. By Iota. Appletons.

Cleveland, Belen M. The Beginners' Readers. 3 vols. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. Each 10 cents.

Codman, J. T. Brook Farm: Historic and Personal Memoirs. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. $2.

Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

Curry, J. L. M. The Southern States of the American Union considered in their relations to the Constitution of the U. S. and to the resulting Union. Putnams. $1.25.

Davis, C. H. S. The Egyptian Book of the Dead. Putnams. $5.

Deland, Mrs. Margaret. Philip and his Wife. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Emerton, Prof. Ephraim. Mediæval Europe. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.65.

Farrar, Rev. F. W. The Life of Christ as Represented in Art. Macmillan. $6.

FitzGerald, Edward. Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. $1.

Flammarion, Camille. Popular Astronomy: A General Description of the Heavens. Appletons. $4.50.

Foss, S. W. Back Country Poems. New ed. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Froment, A. Les Merveilles de la Flore Primitive. Geneva: Georg & Co.

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Haggard, H. R. The People of the Mist. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Hall, Rev. T. C. The Power of an Endless Life. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Harrison, Frederick. The Meaning of History, and Other Historical Pieces. Macmillan. $2 25.
Harte, Bret. The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Harte, Mrs. Bagot. Bianca. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Hartig, Prof. R. Text-Book of the Diseases of Trees. Macmillan. $3.25.
Healy, G. P. A. Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Hillhouse, M. L. Iola, the Senator's Daughter. Putnams. $1.25.
Hilprecht, Prof. H. V. Assyriaca: Eine Nachlese auf dem Gebiete der Assyriologie. 1 Teil. Halle: Max Niemeyer; Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
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Manual of Military Field Engineering for the Use of Officers and Troops of the Line. *Fort Leavenworth*, Kas.: Capt. N. D Beach.
Mario, Signora J. W. In Memoria di Giovanni Nicotera. Florence: G. Barbèra.
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Rupert, W. W. A Geographical Reader. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 65 cents.
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Stoddard, W. O. Chris, the Model Maker: A Story of New York. Appletons.
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Symonds, J. A. Giovanni Boccaccio as Man and Author. Scribners. $2.
The Christian Year. [Golden Treasury Series.] Macmillan. $1.
The Gospel in Pagan Religions. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
The Humor of Ireland. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
The Encyclopædic Dictionary. Vol. II. Cre—Inf. *Philadelphia: Syndicate Publishing Co.*
The Rights of Labor. Chicago; Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
The Teacher's Mentor. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.
The Yellow Book. Vol. III. London: John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.
Thomas, Isaac. Selections from Washington Irving. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 50 cents.
Thompson, R. W. Recollections of Sixteen Presidents. 2 vols. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Thorne, W. H. Quintets, and Other Verses. Chicago: The Author.
Thoughts for St. Luke's Day, with Hymns and Poems. Crothers & Korth.
Thuriet, André. The Abbé Daniel. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Thwing, C. F. The College Woman. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Torrey, Bradford. A Florida Sketch-Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Townsend, Miss Virginia F. "Sirs, Only Seventeen." Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
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Turgeneff, Ivan. A House of Gentlefolk. Macmillan. $1.25.
Walford, L. B. "Ploughed," and Other Stories. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Westlake, Prof. John. Chapters on the Principles of International Law. Cambridge, Eng.: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.60.
Wichenden, R. J. Poems of Nature and Sentiment. Frederick Keppel & Co.
Wiggin, Mrs. Kate D. Timothy's Quest. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, George A. Versatile Verses. Nyack, N. Y.: The Author.
Wood, Joanna E. The Untempered Wind. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
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